Miss L. A. Allen

☞ For your Wife, Daughter, Sister, or Friend. ☜

JUNE.

THE LADY'S
Home Magazine

OF LITERATURE, ART, AND FASHION.

EDITED BY

T. S. ARTHUR and VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

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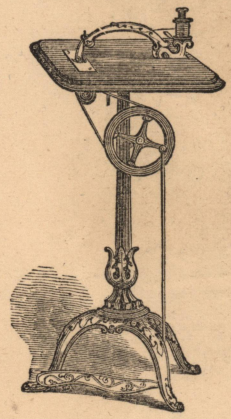

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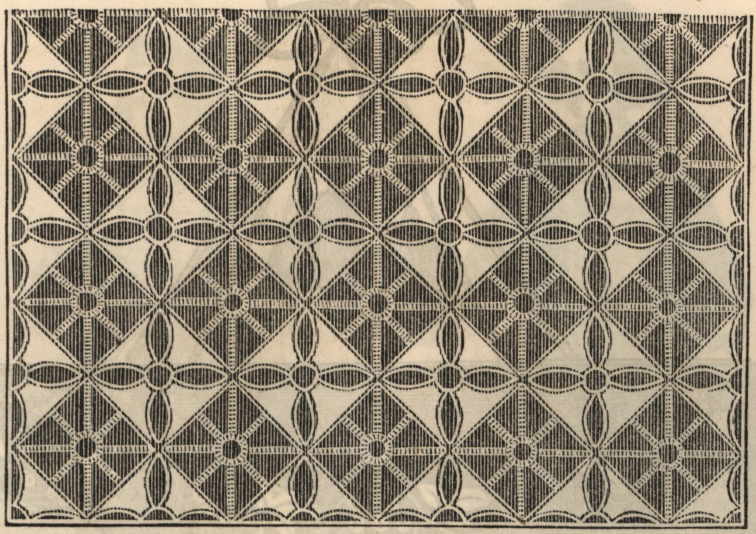
THE HAPPY FAMILY.

HOME MAGAZINE JUNE 1858.

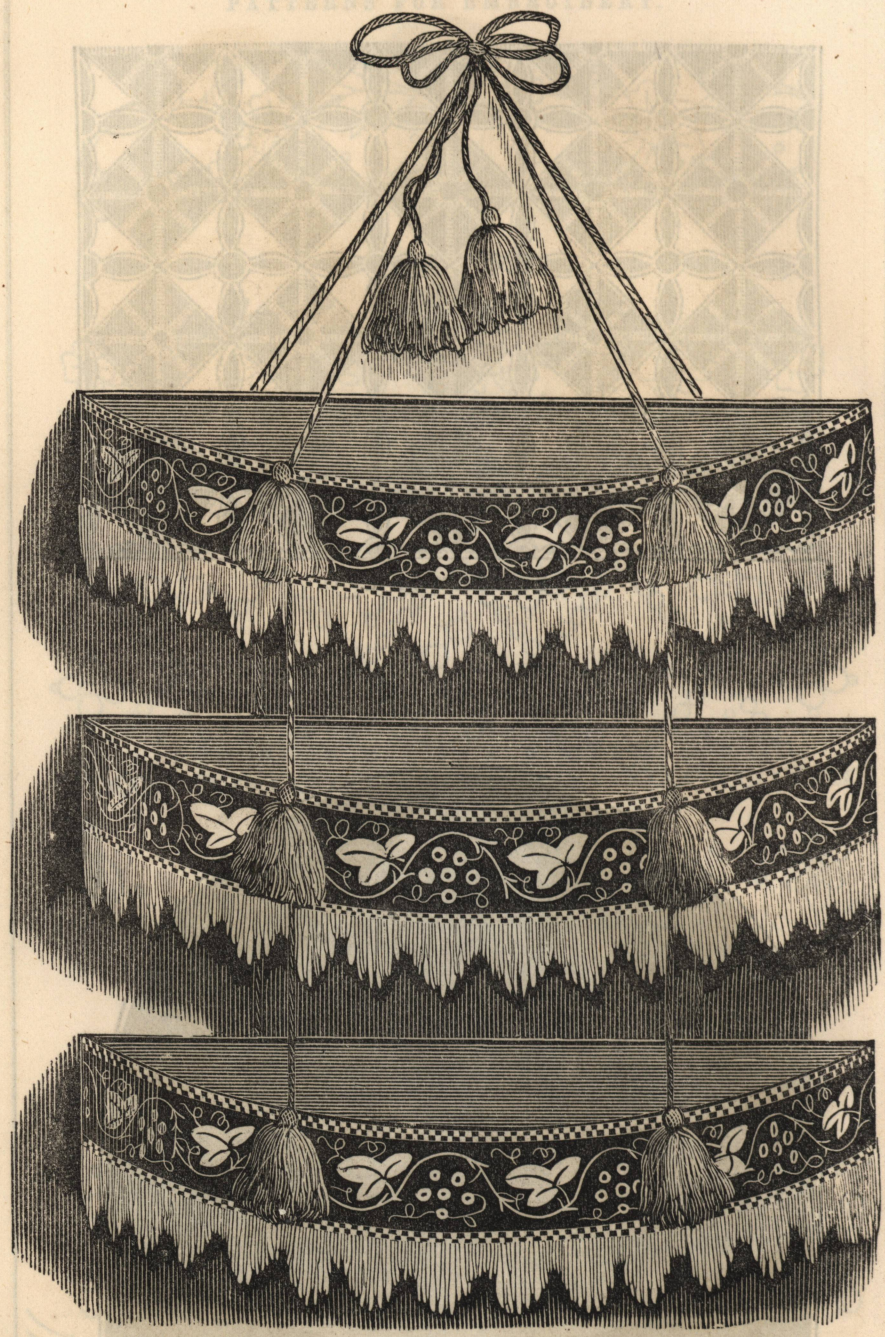
MORNING ROBE.

Material, fine mazarine blue merino. The back is gathered with some fullness. A facing of deep blue silk turns back on each side the front, terminating about six inches wide at the bottom and narrowing at the waist to about half that width, whence it grows broad again, and spreads over the entire front of the chest. The sleeves are a flowing pagoda shape, turned up with blue silk. The skirt falls open from the waist, revealing the front of a puffed under skirt. Double rows of fancy buttons unite the corsage above the waist, and form a pretty trimming to each side of the skirt. A round collar, enriched with French needlework, is worn with the robe. A heavy cord and tassel is also worn at the waist.



PATCHWORK.

BRIOCHE CUSHION, BRAIDED ON MERINO.



THE DRAWING-ROOM WHAT-NOT.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

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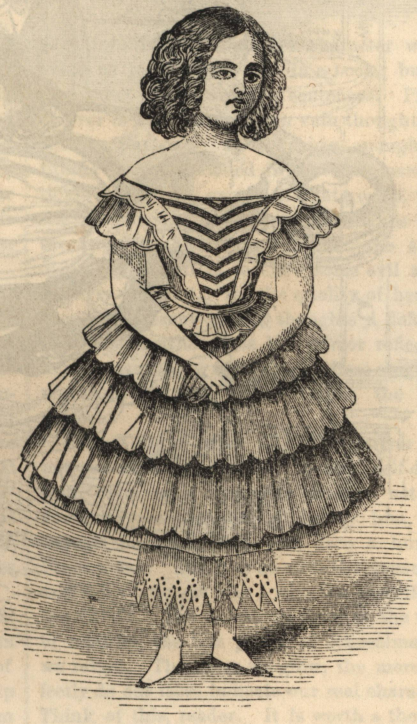

(No. 4.)

ART AND NATURE, No. III.

THE LADY'S

Home Magazine

OF LITERATURE, ART, AND FASHION.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1858.

ART AND NATURE, No. III.

Another illustration from every-day life, half amusing, because a little exaggerated by the artist. Nature, in the shape of a charming young maiden, is listening to Art, (using the term, as we are doing, in its worst sense,) in the shape of a gossiping seller of ribbons, bonnets, caps, &c., whose long years of sinister purpose and cherished ill nature have left their signs everywhere upon her face, so that even a child may read their meanings.

Look at the two countenances. Can it be possible that there was a time, far away in the earlier life of one of these twain, when her face was as calm, as evenly outlined, and as pleasant to look upon as the other? You answer no, leaving us scarcely time to finish our question. And yet it may have been. There is not a wrinkle on that old gossip's face that does not express something—that is not significant of thought or feeling—which she has herself drawn there. She has made herself what she is, as we are all making ourselves what we will be.

It is as true now as it was in the Apostles' time, that we look into our glasses, and then go away, forgetting altogether what manner of persons we are. Daily does this old gossip look into her mirror, and daily turn away from its reflecting surface uninstructed. All who gaze into her face see her character written there as plainly as words in a book; but she sees none of the warning sentences. Pleased as ever is she with her own vain thoughts and sinister purposes; and, weakly enough, she thinks herself confided in by customers who tickle her itching ears with light gossip, which she imagines of importance, or makes so by unscrupulous additions. If ever she speaks of good deeds, it is to show some evil acts in stronger contrast. As the quality of her soul does not present to her thoughts a deformed image, so neither does her mirror reflect for her eyes anything repulsive in those singularly repellant features. She thinks the mask perfect.

And it is so with all. The mirror does not instruct; or rather, fosters self-deception. The aged hypocrite dreams not that voice, eye, expression, all betray him, even though he study his own face a hundred times a day. And it is so with the sensualist, and the avaricious man; with the parasite and the villain. The nearer we draw to the world of realities, the less power of concealment do we retain. The older we grow, the more perfectly do our faces indicate our real characters. Think of this, reader. It is worth a thought.

O. P. Q.

"THERE, WHERE SHE LEFT IT!"

BY ALMA GREY.

On the mantel, by the clock, there it lies, where *she* laid it not three months gone. Every day I dust the shelf, many times a day do my fingers touch it as I put up my hand to the match-safe, or for a pair of scissors, but I cannot move it away. The dear little time-worn knife! I cannot remember when I did not love it. More than twenty years ago I remember admiring it because it made me so many playthings; and when the hand that had used it had forgotten its cunning, and was folded across a pulseless heart, I clasped that knife as my own peculiar treasure, and almost thought I could feel the warmth of my father's hand as he last laid it down. My mother loved it too, because his hand had held it so often, and if at any time I left it, forgotten, out of my own pocket, I was sure to find it in hers.

A score of years have passed on, beating us about, little straws upon the billows, now here, now there, tossed by the caprice of the waves, yet always finding ourselves safe and together by the immovable shore, Providence. Providence always cared for us. That was one of the first teachings I remember from my father or my mother, that Providence never would forsake those who trusted in Him. We were always safe, and, I said, together. Yes, always together. There were only we two; the mother and her child; we had no other in the world. My mother loved her child, but her heart was always with the departed one. How her heart cherished everything that was his. The veriest trifle that had belonged to him was sacred, and among the rest, and not least, this little black knife. How many little lessons does it now recall to me. Other little memorials, in our many wanderings, were, from time to time, lost, but this was always by. Old, and worn, and worthless—but the rosy apple was sweeter to her taste pared by that knife; and all since apples last grew, how she has sat by our home-hearth, cutting with slow continuous slice, slice, slice, her accustomed dessert of the juicy fruit, evening after evening, and then shutting down the little blade, lay it up on the mantel over against her. How it all comes to me—how it all comes, and a thousand things more!

Her chair is empty now. The little knife lies on the mantel, where, not two months ago, she laid it. I cannot put it away. I do not know how long it will lie there. She has gone to find the husband she mourned, the Saviour she worshipped; and when I can realize that, I can rejoice in her joy—I am happy that God is making her happy. But there are hours when, could she speak, she would chide me for my unbelief.

Oh, Mother! Mother! The Spring returns, but not thou! All things are as they were; even the little knife is where you left it; but *thou—thou* returnest no more!

TO A LADY,

WITH A COPY OF "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE."

BY E. N.

I cannot think of sweeter gift
To offer thee, dear Mary,
Than this; indeed, it may not lift
To heights with distance hoary,
But when thou dost the substance sift,
'Twill plunge thee in no icy rift.

Thy mind asks calmness, rest, repose,
Soft grace, and gentle beauty,
When the stern day draws to its close,
Thy day of toilsome duty:
The breeze o'er Nature's garden flows—
The incense Love's rich censer throws.

'Tis dear to me, for its pure sake;
And now to me 'tis purer, dearer,
For his who labors still to make
Its lessons deeper, richer, clearer
Of all the dross that gathers round
The confines of such lettered ground.

Then take the gift for his sake—mine—
And scan it for thine own, dear Mary!
And if thy efforts, too, combine
To raise it upward, onward, "Fairy,"
'Twill only be by purest thought;
By gems of soul with gold ne'er bought.

THE STRANGE BAG.

BY THE AUTHOR OF SUSY L——'S DIARY.

LETTER I.

From Mary to Mrs. Emily Goddard.

CONCORD, June 21, 1854.

I WAS very careless, dear, in coming. When we changed cars at Nashua, I suppose I took a seat which, up to that time, had belonged to another, since, when I was bestowing my black bag upon the rack above my head I saw that already there was one there like it; since, in a few moments a very agreeable-looking gentleman came in with leisurely steps and a half-open newspaper in his hand, came leisurely, reconnoitring the two bags up there together, and me, and the seat of which I had taken possession. Then, with a pleasant mouth, an easy, abstracted sort of grace, he seated himself over against me, looked once more at me, then turned his back a little to us all, as if courting what seclusion there might be for him in a travelling car, and began reading his paper. He spoke once with the conductor. He turned to look at me once or twice—or many times—no matter. When the train stopped at Concord, and I saw Mr. Wadleigh looking for me, I thought no more about the stranger, but afterwards I remembered feeling him stretch across me to take his bag, remembered seeing the hand appear, seeing the bag disappear.

Seraphina comes up the stairs, along the passage, with her heavy steps of comfortable sound. She is not in sight, but she is saying, "I'm coming, little Mary. Wipe your pen; I am coming."

—— It is *I* who have the pen now; I, your cousin, Seraphina, who am so fat that, instead of Seraphina, I ought only to have been named Dolly, or, at the sublimest, Dorcasina.

Aren't you glad that Mary lost her bag in coming? I am, since she is sure, with the strange bag in her hands for a clue and detector, to have it again, some day. Meantime, the stranger's key will open it, of course, since hers will open his. So he can admire her night-cap as deliberately as he pleases—if, alack, he is not, as Husband suggests and Mary ratifies, married to a woman who has upset all his romance in this line by wearing dingy cap-heads without borders. I have asked Mary whether her cap was pretty, made with dainty stitches, handsomely bordered; and, after many naughty falsehoods and queer stories, she owned that it was such a night-cap as it is proper and becoming for a young lady to wear when she goes a-journeying. He can't put it on his head, if he tries to, for it appears incidentally in Mary's description of him to my husband, that his hair is wavy and in masses, like Judge Topham's. "No doubt he is an old married man!" Mary says, when I tease her with dwelling upon the circumstances. "No doubt," Husband answers, gravely, adding, "No doubt three boys and three girls clamber over his knees, as he sits, and slide down his legs. No doubt each child's fingers, hair, and cheeks are at the time artistically besmeared with the candies he brings to them." He says this at our meals. Mary, wiping her fingers assiduously with her napkin, has no doubt of it. And then they laugh at me, and at the toppling castle I do my best to build adhesively for him and Mary. This makes me the more determined that, one day, I will put the question to him; will ask him if he did not hold her cap before him, on his hand, and at last hold it to his waistcoat or shirt bosom. Good! I'll ask him next Thanksgiving, at your own house, dear, when we are all at table, and he serves the sauces to your husband's turkey. I am going to teaze Mary, (she sits by a window, reading "Evangeline," with a pleased mouth,) and then I will tell you about it.

"Mary," I said, to make her lift her eyes, "Have you told Emily how magnificent he is?"

"The stranger? No—that is," working upon the leaves of her poem, "I haven't told her much about him."

"Have you told her that he is at the good ripe age, twenty-eight, when a man of understanding and intellect knows perfectly how to appreciate the right sort of woman at a glance, and how to appropriate her, too, with considerable energy?"

She looked at me without answering, but with a pretty air of deprecation, and the color in her cheeks was every moment brightening; so was the light in her eye.

"Did you tell her that his hands are perfect?"

"O don't, I beg!" giving her own little hands a quick wring. She laughed at the same time, at the same time had a harassed air; and it is very much in this way she re-

ceives whatever I have to say about him. As to his hands, the perverse girl wouldn't own, for a long time, that he had any, until I made her believe that I wanted the description for a clue, and then I got it out of her that he had hands, and that they were tolerable. At last she owned, although stingily enough, that they were like Mr. Fuller's; exactly like Mr. Fuller's; quite as fair, quite as handsomely proportioned. You have heard Mr. Fuller preach, and you know there is nothing this side of statuary the most perfect that can bear a comparison with his hand. I can never see enough of such a hand. I could give my heart into such a hand any time, if it were not that my excellent husband holds it so regally in his own wide, fat palm.

Thanks, that you fixed Mary off. She needed to come. The loss of your father, of the dear old place, weighs less on her here. I find that the rascality through which the trouble came oppressed her most painfully of all; and I can conceive that this is but natural. But good-bye, dear.

I have been tormenting Mary. I couldn't help it when I looked up and knew by the earnest features that she was again off in Arcadia, when it is here she belongs.

"Molly, now it gets along toward dinner time. You and I must go down and do some actual, visible good to Bessy, and to Husband, who is so busy all the time, bless him! Then we shall see how our dinner will be flavored with it." She came to her feet with kindling eyes. "And besides, dear, you must begin to learn the fine and elegant arts of housewifery, for your clear-headed man of twenty-eight makes quick work of it, when, after the long, albeit undemonstrative looking about, he finds the palm that exactly fits his, nerve to nerve, pulse to pulse."

"Mrs. Wadleigh, you trouble me!" she said; and I know I did. In a moment, when I saw the worried look, I was penitent.

"I am a barbarian, to do that! I will never do it again; that is, if I can help it, I won't. I'm afraid I can't, though; you put such a demure little face upon the matter! and I am just as sure that you are to marry him, as if the Fates, having had their homely heads together, had told me so. Now go, Molly, to the yard, and get some carnations, and so on, and put them in the little Parian vase near Husband's plate. He'll like to see them there. If Bessy puts her head out anywhere along, tell her I'm coming down in three minutes, to help her. Tell her she needn't touch the sauces."

I am going. Good bye, dear. I wish you were here, to sit down with us to our dinner.

S. WADLEIGH.

Evening.

We went to the House this afternoon. I was interested, but Mrs. Wadleigh called the debate a heavy one; and so, after she had talked awhile with some acquaintances, had looked both galleries over in search of the strange gentleman, and had solemnly shaken her head many times, we came away.

This evening we have attended a concert by the Hutchinsons. Mr. Hapgood, who resides just above here, came up with us, and when we were talking of the singers, he said that a heavenly spirit is in them, and this is what gives their voices so divine a sound. He says one hears the same, only in still higher perfection, in Jenny Lind.

June 22d—*Morning.*

Mrs. Wadleigh, still pale with the pleasure and excitement of the evening, without speaking, drew a chair up to my table, deliberately took the pen out of my fingers, and as she wiped it, deliberately said, "I want to ask you, dear, if you noticed the two gentlemen who stood a long time in the aisle, close to your end of the seat."

"No." And I wonder why I was, in a moment, in such trepidation, with such a foolish, fluttering heart in my bosom.

"Didn't! Now that is too bad, for I know it was he. You noticed, of course, that two gentlemen stood there some time, waiting for vacancies to stow themselves somewhere?"

"Yes, I noticed that, but I didn't look up."

"A shame! a great shame! I wanted to jog you; I wish I had. But, thought I, she knows; she has seen him; her face is beautifully bright and soft because she has seen him. Tell me, honestly, didn't you *feel* that he was there? at least, that he was in the hall, listening to the same sounds that fell upon your own ears?"

"Why—well I did think of him. I don't know why I should, but I did," I replied, ashamed to own it. But own it I would, rather than tell a cowardly lie in saying no. God knows all my poor thoughts, and how much greater, more to be regarded, is He, than any mortal! Mrs. Wadleigh's face brightened, as I confessed. It was worth a good deal, she said, to know that I thought of him; she had not the least doubt it was when he was standing there, his elbow close to my mantilla, his eyes dropping on my face whenever a brave or a gentle passage touched him. She asked me if I was not provoked that I did not see him.

I said, honestly, no; I was, on the contrary, glad! She called me a naughty thing, with her soft arms around me, though, and kissing me, then left me for the night; to fall at once and heavily into my night's sleep, think you? No; on the contrary, my mind had no little stirring about to do, and putting things in order; no few short journeys and long journeys to make, through my past, through my present, through the future. I thought, how poor I am; not so much in the purse; I felt this ten thousand times less than my want of the graces and endowments which would render me, intellectually and bodily, fit for him; fit, that is, if in him the outward repose and grace are indicative of the inward, as I have not one doubt they are.

Good bye, sister, mine. When I write again you shall see how different the letter is to this. Brother-in-law Charles shall have some of the *on dits* in politics in that. I will tell you how May's little Summer aprons must be made; will tell you many things, but not one about the gent of the strange bag.

I have told you nothing about how my heart ached the first day, in coming. I meant not to see the dear old home of us all as the cars came out. But I did; I turned my head exactly in time to see a cart-load of strange goods going in at the side gate; strange chairs and boxes among the spruces and roses; strange men hurrying out and in. Then came rushing thoughts of Papa's cruel wrongs; of dear Papa himself in the grave, to which, as I am every day more sure, his troubles hurried him; and of the poor young brother, forced to leave his beloved studies, everything that he loved, and go off, single-handed, to make his way. I was comforted at last, thinking how happy your lot is, and what a pleasant haven your home is, not only to yourself, but to the two wayfarers, Harry and myself. I am very happy here. I should be ungrateful and stupid not to be. So be perfectly easy about me.

With loving remembrances to you all, I am truly yours, MARY HAYDEN.

—

LETTER II.

From Mary to Mrs. Emily Goddard.

CONCORD, June 28, 1854.

My dear Emily:—I have at last got my bag; the strange gent has got his. You remember, dear—we shall neither of us soon forget it—that when Mr. Woodruff so wickedly foreclosed the mortgage he had by such wicked measures wrung from Papa, he did it in the very face of the redemption Papa had with great labor and anxiety procured, because his legal adviser, Mr. Greenleaf, counseled him to do it, since it would be immensely to his advantage, and since, as Papa was one hour too late, he could foreclose lawfully. From first to last of that harassing event, it was "my legal adviser, Mr. Greenleaf, tells me this is the thing for me to do. He says I have a perfect right to, with the law on my side, as you see it is, Squire." There was neither conscience nor noble conduct for Mr. Woodruff; nothing but "the law," and the "legal adviser, Mr. Greenleaf." So that poor Papa dreaded Greenleaf's name. He said so with a shudder, one day, when his cough was bad, and he had no strength. Is it not then—

—— I, your cousin, Seraphina, have got Molly's pen away from her, that her story may be told as stories ought to be here in this world, where we can really know so little of those very minute, and often sly, but very busy and powerful agents in human judgment and action, the "ands," "ifs," and "buts," of which there are necessarily so many to be listened to as one proceeds.

She has found her bag. She has told you this, but not where, how, or under what circumstances. So let me tell you.

We all thought it best to have the strange bag opened and examined. We told you, didn't we, one of us, that Mary's key would open the bag? It was by unlocking it, and seeing it open on a gentleman's dressing-case, that she got her first intimation of the exchange. We presumed that we would find a name somewhere, upon linen or document. So this morning Father Wadleigh took us down to the baggage-master's room, where, in the first of it, the bag was sent.

Well, there was a dressing-case, delicate as a bijou. There were pamphlets, and a new book or two; handkerchiefs, pure and fine, but no name on them, not even initials. Beneath these was a budget of papers, folded as gentlemen of the law their documents do fold, tied with red tape, as they their documents do tie. And among them were the mortgage-deed, the writ, or notice, or whatever it was, of a foreclosure of the mortgage-deed, and any quantity of papers, one of which ran in something this manner: "Notice is hereby given that on the 16th day of January, 1854, Aaron Woodruff, of Hadley, entered upon and took possession of"—of your father's beautiful place, dear. There were other papers touching this same vile transaction. Horace Greenleaf's

name occurred in several of them, showing conclusively that he was, in one way or another, mixed up with them all. Mary, poor child, trembled and looked pale and faint at hearing the whole sad affair brought before her in this manner. I too was undeniably brought down, although by another set of considerations. But I rallied while the gentlemen were relocking the bag and considering what they would do. Pulling at my glove-fastening, I said to Mary, "I don't believe it, after all. That is," I added, answering her upraised look of inquiry, "I don't believe that those papers, however it may be with the other articles, belong to the gentleman who rode with you, who stood near us in the hall that night. I *know* that he is a good man. I am sure of it, on account of the depth of goodness in his air and whole expression."

That very moment came a boy looking in at the door, with Mary's bag hanging on his shoulder, asking if "anybody had left a bag like that there, or said anything about it." When the gentlemen asked whose bag he wanted to find, he answered, "Mr. Greenleaf's, sir; Mr. Greenleaf's."

The bag was given him; he rejoined some companions at the door, and was gone, springing.

Our steps were a little less elate, as I confess. Yet, I do not believe—that is, I simply believe, for the present, that affairs are snarled and confounded a little, as they so often are in novels; and I long for a little of the disposing force in this real life, that Miss Edgeworth, and Dickens, and other novel writers are able to exercise in the ideal. Then it should turn out that—why, that next Thanksgiving we would all come round your great table, and my handsome gentleman should serve the sauce to your husband's turkey.

—

LETTER III.

From Mary to Mrs. Emily Goddard.

CONCORD, July 6, 1854.

I have seen him, dear, to-day, at the House. I was there with the old gentleman, Mr. Wadleigh, was standing at his elbow, listening to a member, when all at once, as I listened, life grew very beautiful and dear to me. A warm comfort crept along my nerves into my heart, and soon I was no longer listening to the member, but was in some beautiful place, where rare flowers, fountains, and statues were; where you were, your face and laugh merrier than ever; where our poor Harry was, pale still, but sitting peacefully in the midst of his beloved books and studies; where was Mr. Greenleaf—and I am not to be blamed or laughed at for his being there, Emily, Charley; he was there of his own spontaneous accord—and I knew that you had the old child-like laugh and dimples; Harry his beloved leisure; I my strength and joy, and all the place its blessedness, because he was there standing near me. When I brought myself up out of this dream, raising my eyes, drawing a long breath that began slowly to recall the actual to my consciousness, there, close to me, stood Mr. Greenleaf, his hands holding his hat, walking-stick, and gloves. My eyes met his with a full, steadfast encounter, for as yet I was not fairly out of my dream; so that as yet he was the beneficent being of that dream, not the hard man through whose counsels ruin had come upon our father, to destroy him. For I know it, ever clearer and clearer, dearest, that our father declined steadily, from the day his property was irrevocably gone. The thought came like a great shock, to-day. My eyes fell, and I turned bitterly away from him, saying inwardly, "You come before me as if you were a dove, but you are a vulture; this is what you really are, whatever semblance you may take; and would to God I had never seen you." I did not look at or turn in the least towards him again, but soon I begged Mr. Wadleigh to come away, and he kindly came at once.

And now I must say, out of my heart, ah! that he and Mr. Greenleaf are one! I should never, probably, come any nearer him than I am to-day; should never speak to him, or hear him speak to me; but I should know his expression of inward grace and goodness; should believe in it, and see it before me many a time, when it would be ——

Evening.

I have something pleasant to tell you, dear. (By the way, just observe how my monstrously ill-favored lines look, coming into the neighborhood of Mary's.) Husband, Mary, and I, were all out in the yard this evening, and I was just showing them my beautiful carnations, close by the fence, when Col. Hapgood, one of our best friends, came along the sidewalk, sauntering slowly, talking with—with Mr. Greenleaf, Mary's monster of iniquity, you know. There are a great many shrubs and trees in that part of the yard, and so it happened, very naturally, that they did not see us, or we them, until they came up where we were. Then we were glad. That is, Mr. Hapgood, Husband, and I, were glad to have en-

countered each other there, as we always are at all of our encounters. He was glad, he said, to have the pleasure of making us acquainted with his old chum and friend, Mr. Greenleaf. We were glad to have the pleasure of meeting Mr. Greenleaf, we said, shaking hands with him over the gate, (I holding his hand in mine a little, else he holding mine in his, I cannot tell which it was.) But this I know; his eyes were on Mary, who is Mr. Hapgood's, as, indeed, she is everybody's favorite, and who was now turning busily away from the rest of us, asking him if he had seen the new mixed tea roses. Mr. Hapgood came in at the gate, rejoining her inside, that he might the better see the tea roses, the better tell her, as he did almost at once, what new book he was reading, how it was written by a splendid scholar, a Professor in the University of Paris, (or some other University,) and how she must see it as soon as he was done with it, and that would be to-morrow. He would bring it in to her. Then—he must show *that* rose bush, he said, to Mr. Greenleaf.

"Greenleaf—"

Mr. Greenleaf listened.

"Come and see what a rose here is."

And so you see, dear, in a little while there we all were, walking in the alleys, stopping by the flowers, to be sure, but our busy talk was as much of books, and men, and life, as of the beauties of the garden.

Mary sits by me, thoughtfully, sewing. (Husband is at a meeting of the Lodge.) I shall ask her if she don't believe now that he is—if she still believes that he is of the race of cannibals.

She don't know. She knows nothing about Mr. Greenleaf; but she doubts if there are in the world many men so excellent as Mr. Hapgood. We shall see. Good night, dear. Husband's step is on the walk. S. WADLEIGH.

Good night, dear. I send you ever so many loving good wishes. I think of our beloved Harry, with ever increasing longings to see him back here. But I say, withal, "I will not long and strive. God, when he looks through my soul, shall see that earthward desires do not utterly fill and engross it."

Yours, dear, MARY.

—

LETTER IV.

From Mrs. Seraphina Wadleigh to Mrs. Emily Goddard.

CONCORD, July 19, 1854.

My dear Emily:—Once on a time, I think it was the very next evening after Mary's last letter was sent off, a gentleman in a comfortable dressing gown and slippers, together with two ladies, (one, the elder, in grey barege and rose-colored ribbons, the other in white and black velvet trimmings,) sat talking in the twilight, when two of the handsomest men in C—— came in through the wide-open doors, and after the hearty friendly greetings, sat down to join them in the conversation. One of them, his name was Hapgood, drew a large rocker up, seating himself before—before me and my husband, facing us, and began immediately telling what certain leading politicians are aiming to do before the next election. His right hand soon went up and down; his blood was roused; so was mine; I said, repeatedly, (as I always must do at any political wickedness, because I do not understand the beginning and end of politics, as Mary does,) "Too bad! Now, if that isn't a shame and disgrace to our country!" But Husband was cooler. He always does right in politics, as he does in everything else. He always instinctively expects others to do right; and, in fact, I believe they always do, by him.

The other gentleman, Mr. Greenleaf, (not Mr. *Horace* Greenleaf, either, as you shall soon learn,) took a seat by Mary, on a tete-a-tete, in a corner. He and she listened to us, now and then speaking, or laughing; then they turned to each other, and that was the last we had of them. We stirred things up and patted them down again, not only at Concord, not only all over the State, but all over many States and Territories. Mary and Greenleaf talked politics awhile, as I heard one time when I was still and listened, but in a different way from what we did; in Mary's way, which, as I perceived, was Mr. Greenleaf's way also.

The band came along by-and-by, and seeing the open windows and doors, knowing, moreover, that they were at the gate of a good man, who loves music, loves whatever gives the people ennobling ideas, whether it is found in music, oratory, fine writing, fine painting, or in spectacles of a noble, practical life, they halted outside the gate, playing, softly, oh, how beautifully, "Home," and "The Last Rose of Summer." These airs took great hold of us, especially of Mary, who loves good music beyond anybody I know. Only, it seemed to me, as I kept my eyes on their faces, (hers and Greenleaf's, I mean,) listening, it seemed to me that he loved it in the same way. Now their eyes were on each other, as if they read what was in each other's soul; then, at some grander accord, their heads were

bowed very low, in the delight, the joy, that mastered them.

The next morning, Hapgood ran in, with bright looks, to ask us how we liked his friend, Greenleaf. I laid down my work, laid both hands on it solidly, and asked him if his friend's name was Horace.

"No. Why?" he said.

I said, with my hands still on my work, "Has he a brother, or near relative, of that name?"

"He has a cousin of that name, a lawyer. My friend's name is Carrigan. He was named for old Philip Carrigan, an old friend of his father, or mother, I forget which. He's an author of reviews, chiefly, and a lecturer. There is nothing that he could not do, and do it well, out of his deep, quiet, living knowledge of all the principles of art, science, and all life. I never knew so good a man, or a man who knows so much."

Yes, my hands were lifted from my work now. My work was lifted; my whole inward woman was lifted. I looked round to Mary, to see if she was not lifted; but she wasn't. She was bending lower than I ever saw her bend before, over the hem she was making. On asking further questions, I learned that Mr. Horace Greenleaf came here, a month or two ago, and opened a law office. I knew then how it happened that Carrigan Greenleaf, in coming from their native town, brought those papers along with his linens and his—I forget what book. It was the one that Hapgood named to Mary and soon after brought in to her; a philosophical work upon Rome and the Church of Rome.

"You haven't told me how you like Greenleaf," Hapgood said, putting his head back into the door after he had once talked himself out so far; "*You* haven't said a word, Miss Mary. I don't imagine you like him. But I can tell you, if you don't, I shan't bring him here again. I like him too well to see his heart going before my face and eyes, if no friendly liking, to say the least, comes to be his repayment. Do you like him, Mary?" He had come back so that he was standing by her chair, looking down upon her busy, trembling fingers. "Tell me as you would tell a brother, and I shall know what to do. For he likes you not a little, and—"

"He!" interrupted I, "then he must tell her so, and hear what she has to say, or run his own risks." Mary looked up to me an instant, as if she thanked me, but, poor child, what a glow and tremble she was in!

"Yes, that's true!" heartily assented Hapgood, speaking, after a little thought. "A man must run his risk. If he's a man, he can stand up under everything that can come to him here on this round globe. If he does right, that is. If he is always true, and honest, and clear as to his own course. But, you see, I know what is going on in Greenleaf's heart, Mrs. Wadleigh," he added, taking slow, thoughtful steps, that carried him away from Mary's chair, "and I brought him here. I praised your cousin to him, as few women do get praised, or deserve to. And I was thinking that, without any explanations to him, you see, Mrs. Wadleigh, if it was best for him, if I could find this out here, (indirectly, if I could, directly, if I must,) I could allure him round to see Bessy Carrol, for instance. *She's* a fine girl, isn't she?"

"A fine girl," I said; adding, "you're a grand, upright, honest fellow, Hapgood. But trust in—"

"'Honest and upright'—yes, this I believe I am, now; but I have come to the uprightness through much tribulation and grievous error. I have that in my experience, Mrs. Wadleigh, which makes me know how excellent *truth* is. There is nothing I require of myself as I do open, unflinching truth. I would walk into the fire, as true as I live, before I would speak, act, or live a lie before any woman." And truly he looked that moment as though he would. "If I loved a woman, she should know it; for, if she did not return the sentiment, I should have had the satisfaction of telling the truth. If she did love me, if she continued faithful to me, but if the time came, through any changes in her or myself, when I could love her no longer, I would tell her that too, if it tore our hearts ever so mightily. I would neither conceal, shift, prevaricate, or *lie*, in any shape. Truth should be between me and her, and so vital and warm is she, that we would both be able to bear and endure through her. A beautiful, divine friendship would spring up between us, through her, and we would be more truly united than ever." I can't tell you, dear, how like a god he was to me, offering in all the fire of his enlarged, exalted life, these noble sentiments. He walked the floor, back and forth, with the eye and step of—a Man. Than this there is nothing greater, save God. "This is not apropos to Greenleaf, or to you, Miss Mary," he added, still speaking earnestly, "but to my own life it is apropos, and this is the reason that I feel it so much. This is the reason that,

as I said, I would sooner walk into the hottest fire, than speak, and especially *live* a lie."

He called again that evening, with his friend. We all went together to the Representatives' Hall, to hear Professor Agassiz lecture, and came back slowly, praising the learned Professor and his beautiful pursuits, rejoicing that in this world there are so many noble men scattered here and there, so many noble pursuits to which any man of capacity may attach himself, through them becoming daily more and more ennobled.

They have spent all or a part of almost every evening here since. They accompanied us last Wednesday to a levee, where we met Professor Agassiz, Professor Haddock, Doctor Mitchell, Governor B——, the dear, spirited Mrs. Searles, and her excellent husband, in short, where we met and stood to talk, in pairs and in groups, with so many superior people, that we thought and said, coming home, that life here in Concord grows richer every year in beautiful souls. We were gratified. Mary's and my tears started in gratitude.

Mary has gone to ride this morning. This is why I sit writing so long. We have been saying these many days that we would certainly write to you. Mary will finish after she comes. I must now say good bye. They promised to be back before dinner. Greenleaf promised to dine here. He dined here yesterday and day before. You never saw so enamored or so pleased a lover. And, besides, he must leave town to-morrow. He is to be at Cambridge the day after. I shall see that the dinner is beautiful. Flowers, too, beautiful flower vases, shall greet them whichever way they turn their eyes. Good bye, dear. S. WADLEIGH.

P. S. I haven't hinted at Mary's night-cap yet, any more than if she were utterly innocent of the article. I shall save the assault for our fun next Thanksgiving. Have you young turkeys gobbling about? If you have, feed them well; let them gobble; tell the poor creatures nothing about next Thanksgiving.

Evening.

Soon, dear, I shall be at home, and then you shall both see and hear what great, undeserved happiness is mine. Now I cannot tell you. I feel neither like writing or talking about it. I have written, though, to tell darling Harry that in September he is to come back to his studies, and, if God will let the great joy go on, to his sister Mary's marriage.

You shall hear in a few days what our plans are. We both want to know whether you like them. Ah! if our poor dear father were here, to have now a few years of comfort with us! But God knew what he was doing.

Yours, dear, MARY.

LOST AND GAINED.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

THERE was a night of gloom and fear,
When, darkling and apart,
I walked the empty-presenced rooms,
With doubt upon my heart.

The glad day broke in radiant joy;
Thrice blessed, blessed morn!
Within our homestead, in the night,
A baby girl was born.

A new soul woke upon the earth;
A deathless human life!
We looked into each other's eyes,
Husband and happy wife.

Years went. The babe a maiden grew,
Pure as the lily-cup;
We thought, in glory-robes of love,
To fold our darling up.

The shining virgins in the sky
Looked down upon her face;
They smiled to see her like the saints,
And longed for an embrace.

So in the sobbing night-time's shade
They sent an angel down,
To place wrapt silence on her lips,
And on her brow a CROWN.

She lay there, fair, and still, and meek,
Pure as a vestal's vow:
So white the palest snow of Heaven
Would stain her crystal brow.

We laid her in Death's solemn halls,
With slow congealing tears;
The culminating pride of life;
Crown of our wedded years.

We lost our treasure from the earth;
Sailed from Time's mocking shore;
But God and Heaven, above, have gained
One spotless angel more!

Farmington, N. H.

OUR GRANDFATHER.

BY ZULIEME.

The dear old man! He was very old indeed when he died, but not so infirm in body as many men at half his age, though his mind had wandered back, and he was in many respects a child again.

The merry sleigh-bells jingling by to-night remind me of him. Christmas, and the trip to Grandpapa's, were the chief allurements that Winter had for us in the "long ago." How pleasant it was to hear our father say in the evening that he thought there would be a deep snow in the morning, and in a day or two the sleighing would be good enough to enable us to make the much-hoped-for visit. And then, to sit by the blazing hearth and talk of the expected pleasures of that visit; and more than all, to awaken in the morning and find the deep, deep snow so earnestly hoped for. There was a beautiful child's faith in those days, that went with them, for we believed this a special Providence, and that the Father in Heaven sent the snow just for us and that visit.

Then our mother's faithful fingers were busier than ever, if that were possible, preparing the garments to be worn for the first time on the great morning; and at last it came.

There had been time for the "roads to get well broken" by the country people's sleds, and now that the snow had fallen, the sky was clear, and the air keen and bracing.

We were awakened earlier than usual by hearing them below stairs getting an early breakfast, for it took a great while to "get off," and we had to go twenty-five miles, and wished to get there early.

We could scarcely eat our breakfast, and hastened to get ready, wrapping up in cloak, hood, and overshoes, while the sleigh was being brought out. Then presently, and before we were quite expecting it, Hector came dashing around the corner of the garden, and to the gate, shaking his long mane, partly because he was proud of it, and partly because the bells made such delightful music in his ears.

Then when our father had got his gloves on, and the mittens on over them, and the sleigh-whip, (though he never uses it,) and the good-byes were said, we were all tucked in the sleigh, among buffalo robes and blankets, and away we went! Oh, that ride! what a magnificent one it was; over the country, up and down the hills, and through the long lanes in the valleys, by the farm-houses and barns, where the cattle and poultry seemed to have nothing to do at all but eat. The horses came to the fence and exchanged neighs with Hector, who was so proud, and saucy, and aristocratic, for he was no common drudge, and could trace his name back through the heraldry office much easier than some families. Then we forded streams, and crossed bridges, and at last plunged suddenly into the thick evergreen forest of the mountains, and the bells sounded almost like muffled bells, and the snow was deeper. We could hardly see the blue sky through the dim forest trees. Often the snow would fall in a great shower right over our heads, and the long icicles nearly touch us as they hung from the hemlock branches. But Hector had traveled the road often, and knew it well, and soon came up to the post by the gate where he knew he must stop and be rested and well fed in the stable. Here we ate the cakes and apples our mother prepared for us, and warmed ourselves, and rested awhile. Then we took a fresh start, all feeling better, especially Hector. We traveled on, and at last descended the mountain, and pretty soon we began to know that we were in Grandpapa's neighborhood. Kind old man! there he was, on the porch, to meet us. Uncle George nearly carried us into the house, where the family crowded around to welcome us.

Grandpapa was a peculiar man, and not very demonstrative, and he only asked us questions now and then, when he was not talking to Father. And pretty soon we were called out to supper, and then it was night, and the candles were lit in the parlor, and we went back to it; the old-fashioned country parlor, where Grandpapa sat and thought of the olden time, and where he read, and where he slept. It was his room for so many years; and in that room he breathed his last, and lay so still and calm in his coffin, when all of them were weeping bitterly over him.

He was a little, quick, active man, with high forehead, and thin grey locks, and arched brows, and prominent, deep blue eyes, an aquiline nose, and oval face.

He would go to his book-case and get out the red-cheeked apples he had been keeping for us, and take us between his knees, and stroke our heads; and he seemed to love Georgie the best, because, he said, he looked like his son who died so young. He used but few tokens of endearment, yet his eyes would fill with tears, and his voice choke up, as he would say to Father, "I am so glad you brought the children; they are such nice children."

We had to be very quiet when in-doors, while we stayed there, for Grandpapa could not bear the noise; but he got us his books that had pictures in them, and we could sit by the hour in the corner, on the little low chair that always sat there, and look at his thin, pale face, and then at the round, red face of "the baby on the clock." This one sight alone was worth a trip to Grandpapa's, any time. The face used to move as the moon did, but it had got old, and out of repair, and was always the full moon now.

There were a few family portraits on the walls, but Grandpapa had many engraved on his heart, and they were living realities to him, though long since dead to the world; and he would sit by the fire, on the Winter evenings, with his feet on the hearth of the Franklin stove, those feet that had trodden such a long road, and were so near to their rest now; he would look into the fire, and see images in the bright coals. His hands were clasped on his knees, and he moved his thin fingers constantly; he would forget what was told him an hour before, but go back to his youth as though it was but yesterday.

Grandpapa had been a great reader, and a greater thinker. His bookcase was filled with the best books; the Bible, and the writings of Swedenborg, Shakspeare, and Addison, and gems from other great men's minds. He had old stories of the Revolution to relate, and how he had come to settle in the new country when it was a "howling wilderness." He had now a most lovely and fertile farm. He had left the shade trees standing by the door and down the lane, and had planted the great orchards, and the trees now shelter those who have outlived him. Some of them have let his memory die, as the trees are dying, and children who scarcely know where his grave is, or who it is who lies under the sod, now eat the fruit of the trees his hands planted.

But Grandpapa "sleeps well;" life was no "fitful fever" to him; it was a real, strong, active existence, and he loved it so well that he had more joys than sorrows. He had no vague, indistinct, uncertain ideas of a better land. He knew there was a new Jerusalem above, and that in his "Father's house there were many mansions," and that he who was "the Way, the Truth, and the Life," could guide him there.

Fall gently, softly from the heavens, beautiful snow, and cover the graves of our loved ones. Keep warm and secure in thy robe of purity the germs of flowers and green grass, that, like our thoughts of you, die not, though they slumber for a little while; and as seasons roll on, and years are no longer new, the caroling of birds and the budding of flowers make fresh and green their memory.

Richmond, Indiana, Feb. 1858.

L' ESPERANCE NOYANT.

BY HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

METHINKS strange shadows fill the world to-night;
My heart goes out upon their crests of fear;
As on a stormy sea a fragile boat,
Wherein a young child, drifting out from land,
Famished, and sick with crying, hath lain him down,
And conscious half, half dreaming, moans and smiles,
And sobs, as ne'er before, with unkissed lips,
Its "Good night, Mother," and its evening hymn,
So bears my heart one hope—a perishing hope—
So, fainting, drowning, still it clings to life,
And half would cheat itself with safety's dream.

And even as the mother, warned too late,
Leans from the treacherous bank in agony,
And like a maniac, beats the harmless air,
Shrieking for aid, when there is neither ear
To hear, nor arm to save, in all that silent space
Betwixt those black waves and the passionless stars,
So I, with straining eyes and outstretched hands,
Grope blindly by the sunless tide of Fate,
And through the darkness fain would shield mine own!

Ah, impotence! There is no hand but Thine,
All-powerful, and All-pitying One, can save!
Giver of Mercies! Turn not from my prayer;
From out the gulfing waves lift up my heart;
Through the appalling night bring back its hope,
Its lonely, desolate hope, and bid it live!

March, 1858.

RALPH HENRY—MY BOY.

AN OLD MAID'S STORY.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

For Love is ever the beginning of knowledge, as fire is of light.—CARLYLE.

I AM an old maid, and an old woman. My hair, that used to be so brown and abundant, is now as heavily sifted with grey as the meadow is with frost after a still November night, and I have begun to wear caps when I go to an afternoon tea-drinking, or to the doctor's wife's sociables, or when they give the minister a donation party.

People say that unloved, childless old women are very much to be pitied, but sometimes I think I am happier now than I was in the joy and bloom of my girlhood. Perhaps it's because I always had a cheerful disposition, and a natural inclination to look on the bright side of things. My life has been very full of blessings, and yet it has had a great many sharp and terrible griefs. There were seven brothers and sisters, that used to sit round the table at the old yellow homestead, at Tarrytown, and now five of that once bright-faced company sleep in their dark and distant graves, blessed be God! in the hope of a resurrection unto life everlasting.

There was Ralph, the oldest; he went down at sea; and he was the pride of the whole family. What a night that was when the news came! It was before Father or Mother died, but *she* never looked the same after it, and there was a sort of "patient sorrow" in her smile, as though her heart never ceased aching.

Then there was John; he was just on the road to making a grand fortune in the East Indies, when the fever took him, and, strong man as he was, in less than two days there was no more of John Norton.

After that, Father and Mother were laid to sleep, both in one year, on Tarrytown hillside, and Hannah and her baby, the wife of only three years, are close by them. Anne, the youngest, and the pet of the family, left us next. She went West for her health, and the long prairie-grass waves over her beautiful head. And Harry, the scholar of the family, went to England, and found a wife and a grave there.

Susan was the third, and I was the fourth child. So after father died, and we gave up the old homestead, I went to live with her, in the village of Longford.

She married Josiah Rowe, a farmer, and a member of the church, and a good husband, father, and neighbor, though he is rather a plain-spoken one; and you might as soon think of changing the east wind, when once his mind is "settled," as he terms it, on any matter.

Three boys and one girl has God given to Josiah and Susan. Ben and Tom are like their father, and Martha is like her mother, gentle and loving, with a good deal of humor in her blue eyes, and a smile always lurking in the dimples of her mouth. But Ralph Henry, my boy, who is only one year older than Martha, is not at all like the rest.

Perhaps, before I tell you of him, reader, I may pause here to say with my pen what I never did or shall with my lips, that my life has had its romance too; that the lily which is the *one* blossom of a woman's heart, once grew up, and warmed for a few days in the still currents of my life. None of my family ever suspected this; he was a friend of my brother Ralph's, and he was nothing, at that time, but a poor singing-school teacher, though I know he grew afterward to be rich and honorable among his fellow-men. He never asked me to be his wife, but there were glances, and silent pressures of the hand, and sudden lightings up of his deep eyes, and I understood.

But another came between us; no matter now how it was done, for the sods lie heavy above them both, only I knew she wronged me with some *lie*, and she triumphed, as the wicked do in this world.

She was fairer than I, and very fascinating. In three months she was his wife. I never knew whether he learned the truth here, but he will up there; and I know, too, that no other woman ever entered the room in his heart where I, Abigail Norton, once stood.

They said in his last sickness he mentioned my name several times, but they did not think this strange, for his mind wandered so much

among the scenes of his youth. But I knew better than they.

It came very hard at first, though, for I had only mounted a score of my years, and life seemed to stretch very long and dreary before me, then, and I would not have been sorry to lay it down. But God led me, and I have not found the "waiting" so hard. We shall come together "up there."

And now, reader, about my boy, Ralph Henry; we called him this after him that slept in the English churchyard, and him that slept under the fathomless seas. He was a strange, quiet child, from his birth, never crying like the other children, but lying for hours together in his little wicker cradle, with his great, bright eyes fastened on the flakes of sunshine that used to stripe the wall and floor with their bands of gold.

Somehow my heart was drawn to that child from the hour of his birth, as it never was to any of the others. It seemed to me as if those strange eyes of his saw visions, and as though Heaven was nearer to him than it was to us. Then, it was surprising how that child took to me, from the first. His large, luminous eyes were much like sister Annie's, and they would brighten at the sight of my face, and at six months old he would reach out his little arms and crow at the sight of me.

Susan was a bustling, active sort of woman. As Ben and Tom were small boys at this time, and she had a large dairy to oversee, Ralph Henry was left mostly to my care; and he seemed always to prefer being with me to playing with his brothers, who were the rudest, most mischievous little scamps in Christendom.

In a little while the whole family grew, half in earnest, half in fun, to call Ralph Henry "Aunt Abbie's boy," and brother Josiah always insisted I was just ruining that child, with my petting and waiting on him, and that he would have to take a good many hard knocks from the world before he'd get the woman out of him.

I don't think, from the first, Josiah understood that child, and I have always observed that people are not apt to be as kind, or wholly just to the children they do not understand. Perhaps he acted up to the light that was in him.

Well, I was a proud and happy woman when Ralph Henry called my name for the first time, and it was the first words his lips ever spoke. I don't think he was as forward in speaking or walking as the other boys, but he beat them altogether in reading. Before he was three, he knew the alphabet, and by the time he was four, he could read the Testament and newspaper. Still he was a strange child, though he was a happy one, and his laugh had in it a deep vibration and music which never belonged to the louder mirth of his brothers, or his sister—the little laughing-eyed hoyden that came so soon after him.

Now Josiah has a most thorough contempt for a womanish boy, and conceived the idea that head-work and tough usage, would only make a man of his youngest son. The hardest feelings I ever had toward him was on the child's account, and I really think (God knows I would not judge him harshly) there was a long time when, unknown, at least unacknowledged to himself, he took a real pleasure in annoying and fretting me through this child. But I really believe Josiah *thought* he was doing right, and it is surprising how good people's prejudices will blind them.

Josiah has been a good, kind brother. I know he thought the world of me, and we never had a difference except in this matter.

Susan, too, though there never lived a kinder, more self-sacrificing mother, didn't understand the boy either, and agreed with her husband that I was spoiling him.

"Abbie," she'd say, when I was warming the child's mittens before the fire, some Winter's morning, "don't, for mercy's sake, make such a baby of Ralph Henry. I don't know what you'll bring him to. His brothers have always been to school without mittens, and I guess it won't hurt him any more than them."

"But don't you see, Susan, he can't bear what they can—he's naturally more delicate."

"Well, then he must be toughened to it, as his father says. I s'pose you mean it all right, Abbie, but really you do make yourself a slave over that child. Here, Ralph Henry, do budge off to school without your mittens, and be a man for once."

Ah, Susan! you were his own mother, but your heart didn't yearn over that boy as mine did—I who would have laid down my life for him. I had my triumph though, at the close of every term, when Ralph Henry brought home his prizes for the best scholarship; and he was always at the head of the class, although Ben and Tom were two and four years his seniors, and, half in envy, they used to call him the "scholar" and gentleman of the family.

Ralph Henry was a silent, dreamy child, with a broad, pale forehead that seemed strangely

out of keeping with the rest of his thin, pale, childish face. Then, he was very fond of lonely walks into the woods and down by the river, though his father used to say he couldn't imagine what good would ever come of such things. And he would stand still for an hour, looking at the sunset, or listening to the birds' songs in the apple trees, when they were white, every June, with blossoms, as they were every January with snows. He came to me with all his childish griefs and troubles, and if he had had any difficulty at school, the night would be sure to find him with his head in Aunt Abbie's lap, and the story poured into her ear. Then I would push back the brown hair from the broad forehead, and cheer and strengthen him with words of sympathy or advice, as the case might be; and a little while afterward, his laugh would come surging up to me, from the kitchen or the fields, and I would recognize it in a moment, from all the other children's, because it seemed to burst right up from a heart full of sunshine.

Well, my boy, Ralph Henry, had, on the whole, a happy childhood, though I know his father's speeches used sometimes to wound his sensitive nature, and that if it had not been for his "Aunt Abbie," he would have had a good many sad hours.

Well, his twelfth birthday came, and with it came trouble, too, and it happened on this wise:

One evening, a dark rainy one in the last of May, we, Josiah, Susan, and I, sat round the kitchen fire, for it was quite late, and the children had gone to bed. Suddenly Josiah put down the newspaper he had been reading, and spoke: "Mother, I don't think I shall keep but two hired men this season. Tom's nearly seventeen, and Ben's fourteen, and they're stout, strong boys, and it's a shame if they can't do one man's work for me this Summer.

"Then, it's time Ralph Henry should be of some help, if he's ever going to make anything; (glancing at me;) it's vacation next week, and I think I'll take him out of school this Summer; he can drop potatoes, and weed the turnips, and train the vines; in short, he can make himself useful in a hundred ways."

"Oh, brother Josiah," I said, and there was a pain at my heart, "you won't think of taking that child out of school this Summer?"

He turned round rather sharply. "Why not, sister Abbie? He can go again in the Fall, if he wants to, and he's as forrard now as Tom, who I don't believe will ever go to school another day of his life."

"But he isn't strong enough for farm work."

"Then he must be made so. I can't see as anything ails him, only he isn't as stout as his brothers, and his muscles want strengthening by good hard labor."

"Well, anyhow, I think it's a shame to put a child of that age to such hard work; he isn't old enough for it."

"Sister Abbie, I was only ten when my father set me at the same business, and I reckon I ain't to-day any the worse for it. Then, I can't afford to have any lazy sons on my hands, for you know very well I've no fortin' but the farm to leave 'em. They must learn to get their living by the sweat of their brow, as their father did before 'em; so there's no use talking, Abbie. I expected that this plan wouldn't suit you, for, though you're a very sensible woman in general, you've made a kind of fool of yourself over that boy."

I saw it would be useless to argue the matter, so I took my light, in a little while, and went up stairs, but my heart was very sad, and I didn't get to sleep until midnight, thinking of Ralph Henry, my boy!

The next day I broke his father's resolution to him gently as I could; for I knew I could do it better than Josiah, in his blunt, rough way.

He grew very pale. "Oh, Aunt Abbie, don't tell me Father says I shan't go to school all this Summer!" And the look his great, dark eyes lifted to my face, was more than I could bear.

"Yes, he says so, my dear Ralph Henry, and I am very sorry for you. But never mind, be a man over it, and the work won't be very hard, and then you will go to school in the Fall again. Besides, you expect to make a farmer some day, don't you?"

"No, I don't!" his lips quivering, and the tears struggling into his eyes.

"Why, Ralph Henry, what in the world, then, *do* you expect to be!"

"I don't know, Aunty, only I shan't be a farmer. I ain't like Tom and Ben, and I never can be, and you know it, too. There's something away down in my heart here, that seems to pant, and struggle, and cry, and sometimes it grows into a great weight I can hardly carry. Father wouldn't understand this, nor Mother, nor the boys, but I know you won't laugh at me, Aunty!

"Do you remember that Christmas present you gave me, of the Life of Martin Luther?"

"I remember."

"Well, I've read it over a great many times;

how, when he was a little boy, he was poor and wretched, and had to earn his living by singing songs in the streets, and sometimes was obliged to beg. Nobody understood him, and he had a very hard life of it; but nothing could frighten or crush him, and at last he grew up, and was a great man. Now, Aunt Abbie, I, too, some day, shall make a great man."

I wish you could have seen him as he said these words; his eyes deepened and brightened, until they seemed to light up his whole face, and I felt it was the voice of a prophet speaking to me.

"I know you will! I know you will!" catching something of his spirit. "Some day I shall be very proud of my boy, Ralph Henry."

"But I don't want to work on the farm; I don't love it!" he cried, as the light went out of his little pale face, and a grieved expression settled over it; and then he laid his head in my lap, and the sobs and the tears came together.

I comforted him. I told him how necessary it was he should be a strong man, if he was going to be a great one, and how this farm labor would develope and strengthen him; and that in the coming years he would look back and be very glad for these tough experiences, although they seemed so hard now. At last the sobs and the tears ceased, and he looked up in my face with a half sad, half tender smile. "Aunt Abbie, what should I do, if it weren't for you?" he said.

I only answered him with my kisses; but from that hour I knew Ralph Henry as a genius!

He did his work well that Summer, though I knew his heart was not in it, and so did all his family; and I believe Susan wished in her soul his father would send him back to school, although she tried to reason herself into the belief that he was doing just right.

I believe brother Josiah, too, felt a little annoyed, at all this, and perhaps this very thing made him put heavier tasks on the boy. But he had his evenings, after milking time, and I drew him books from the village library, and when he was not too tired, he would come to my room, and read until very late.

When the Autumn came round, he went to school again, and he did this for the two following years, until he had gone through all the studies of the village school.

Then, for one Winter, he attended the Academy, where they studied Latin, and the higher mathematics, and all those ologies that nobody ever heard of when I was a girl. Ralph Henry's father did not approve of this, and said he couldn't imagine what manner of use would come of all this learning; but as his son gathered nuts in the woods, and sold them to farmer Jeffries, and so paid his own tuition, brother Josiah couldn't object very strongly.

Spring came again, and the boys were set to work, once more. One night, late in May, Josiah came in to tea, and I knew at once, by the way in which he tumbled himself into his chair, that something had gone wrong.

"How have you come on with the stone wall to-day, brother Josiah?" I asked as I passed him the biscuit. He was building a new fence round one of his wheat fields.

"Bad enough," he said sharply. "We couldn't lose such a fine day for ploughing, so I set the boys at it, and kept Ralph Henry to work with me. But he either wouldn't or couldn't get on with it, and seemed quite used up with lifting stones after the first two hours. The fact is, that boy'll never be good for anything as a farmer. He either aint got the bone in him, or else he don't try to have. I believe I'll put him to some trade, and see if he don't do better at that."

I laughed here—not a very sincere laugh, but I thought it would be the best way to pass off the matter; and I knew by experience it only made brother Josiah more obstinate to oppose him.

When I went up to my room, I found Ralph Henry there, looking pale and unhappy enough.

"What is the matter with you, child?" I said, "and why haven't you been to supper?"

"Because I'm worried and worn out, Aunt Abbie," was the response. "Father's been so wretchedly cross to me, all day, because I haven't worked harder, that I've had a good mind to throw down the stones and run. I believe he always owed me a spite because I wasn't as tough as Tom and Ben. If I had been I'd ran off, ten years ago, and gone to sea."

"Oh, Ralph Henry, don't talk so about your father. No good ever comes of children's disobeying their parents. Besides, he's a good father, for all he has his notions, like the rest of us. But I'll bring your supper up here; we've got some nice quick biscuit, and that loaf-cake you like so much." I was very careful though that brother Josiah shouldn't see me do this, for I knew it wouldn't suit him to have the boy made "such a baby of."

Well, at last, I succeeded in getting Ralph Henry in a better frame of mind, and he laid down on my lounge and slept until bed time; too tired even to read.

But I felt nervous for several days after this; and somehow I could not get out of my mind that a storm was brewing, and so there was, and it broke fierce and sudden. Susan and I had been out to the deacon's to tea, and came home quite late. I did not stop down stairs, but went up directly to my room, and found Ralph Henry was pacing it like a madman. I shall never forget how he looked that moment; his face was white and ghastly, his lips set tightly together, and his eyes glowed and flamed in his wild, white face.

"Ralph Henry, what *has* happened—what has happened?" It was all I could say, as I sank, with a shudder, into the nearest chair.

"Matter, Aunt Abbie!" he turned on me almost fiercely, "enough has happened to make me almost curse my father, and to wish I had never been born ——"

"Don't, don't, Ralph Henry! You frighten me with these dreadful words. They are sin;" and I laid my hand on his lips.

But it was a long time before I could get anything coherent from him. At last, however, I found that his father had that evening announced his intention of putting his youngest son to the joiner's trade. Ralph Henry was thunderstruck; he was now sixteen years old, and tall as his father, though much slenderer; and the manifest injustice of his parent's coming to this decision without consulting his son's wishes in the matter, would have roused the spirit of any boy.

To this day I do not know what passed between the father and son; but I know there were very harsh words spoken; so much so that Tom and Ben, who both had plenty of spirit of their own, were astonished, almost frightened, at what they heard.

As soon as I could, I went down, thinking I might do something to appease Josiah; for even his wife affirmed that I could manage his humors better than anybody else. I found Susan in tears, and Josiah had just taken the lamp to go to his room.

"Well, Abbie," he said, abruptly, and almost defiantly, as I entered the room, "I s'pose Ralph Henry's told you his story, and you're prepared to take his part; but remember, you can't stir me one peg."

"Oh, brother Josiah, don't talk and look in that way! It isn't right or Christian-like."

"Yes it is right that a man should use his authority in his own house. You see now what all your petting and spoiling has brought Ralph Henry to. He's talked to me this night, as never a child of mine dared before to talk to his father."

"Brother Josiah," my voice was mild, but very firm, "you know I've been a good sister to you, and treated every one of your children as kindly as if they'd been my own, and, seems to me, I deserve something rather better at your hands than these reproaches."

This seemed to mollify him a little. "I know you've been a good sister, Abbie, but, the fact is, I've been more wrought up to-night than I have for years."

"Well, do tell me what has happened; only don't get angry?"

He tried not to, but it was very hard work as he told the story; particularly when he came to the part where he had said to Ralph Henry: "What trade, then, do you want to set about?"

"I don't want to set about any trade. I want to go to college."

"And who under the sun, do you think, will pay your expenses through college, sir?"

"I thought you might be willing to help me through with them, as in this case I'll give up all claims to the property, and Tom and Ben may take the homestead and farm."

"I guess they'll take it, any way, for you'll never have one dollar of mine to take you through college!" was growled out in rejoinder.

"But will you send him to a trade he abhors? Oh, Josiah!" I asked, as he concluded his story.

"Yes, I will! What right has he to set himself up for a gentleman? He's no better than the rest of us."

"But God didn't intend we should all be farmers, and workers, though He has no respect of persons."

"Well, he intended my children should be, or else they'd have been born with silver spoons in their mouths."

"That's a silly old saying, Josiah."

"Begging your pardon, Abbie, it's a very sensible one; and woman's arguments, and woman's tears (glancing at Susan,) won't affect me one jot."

"But why aren't you willing he should stay at home, and be a school teacher?" I said, catching at any straw. "He is already fitted for one."

"Nonsense, on school teachers. They're a miserable set any way; don't get more than eight or nine dollars a week, and obliged to board round, and are always in the way. No, no, Abbie, Ralph Henry must go to a trade, unless he can get somebody to pay his expenses

through college, or bring forward his own money to do it. There, I've said my say."

"You'll promise that, will you, Josiah," I cried, as a new light flashed across my mind.

"Yes," he rejoined, with a smile that was very much like a sneer, "if he can get the money, I won't interfere with his going; but I reckon it will be after to-day when that happens."

"I do wish Father would listen to reason; but there's no doing anything with him, when he's made up his mind," said Susan, as we heard him close the door of his room. "I don't want Ralph Henry to go to a trade he abhors; and I'd rather have given all I possess in the world, than had this scene. But what can I do?" and she wrung her hands.

"Nothing now, Susan. We will all go to bed, trusting that God will give us light."

But my pillow was a sleepless one that night. I had succeeded in calming Ralph Henry, and at last prevailed on him to retire to his own room, with the assurance something would be done in this matter; only he must have patience and trust me. And he looked in my face, and did so.

I was not a rich woman, reader. All the property I owned in the world was a piece of land which Uncle Gideon, (my mother's brother,) had left me, and which I had sold for six hundred dollars, and deposited in the savings bank. The interest on this had never been touched, and now amounted to eight hundred; and I had always meant it should be a kind of dependence for me in my old age; although none of my family knew I had disposed of the land.

The grey light of the early rising day broke faintly into my room, as I closed my eyes for the first time, to sleep, and then I was *resolved.*

Ralph Henry and his father did not meet that morning at breakfast, but I whispered to the former, before he went out into the field, "I will tell you all to-night, after supper. Keep up a good heart, my boy."

That afternoon I went to the savings bank. It was well to be in time, for I heard brother Josiah say at dinner he thought he should go into town next day, and I at once divined his chief object was to see about apprenticing Ralph Henry.

"And now here it is, in good half eagles," I said, in concluding a long conversation, holden with my nephew that night, in my own room; and I placed the bag in Ralph Henry's hand. "It'll take you through college, with a little teaching of your own, and you're welcome to it; but it's all I've got, you know, and sometime, maybe, I shall be an old woman;" and here my voice trembled a little, though I tried to steady it; "and I shan't have any children to look to, if I should get very old and helpless; so I've always depended on this a little when I looked forward to that time; but, my boy, when you come to be a great and learned man, as I know you will some day, you won't forget Aunt Abbie and this hour, will you?"

He threw back the bag into my lap. "I can't take it! I can't take it!" he said, and then he sank down into a chair and sobbed like a child.

"Yes you will take it, too, my boy. Do you think I could rest, if I placed it back again in the bank? No, indeed! I shall be proud of you, one day, my boy—very proud of this act of mine to-night!" and I laid the money on his knee.

At last he took it. "Aunt Abbie," he said, putting his arms around my neck, "I will not thank you, but I will never forget this of you—never till my dying day!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOPE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

A STILL, small voice, in every soul,
Of happier days keeps chanting,
And eagerly on to the golden goal
We see man running and panting.
The world grows old, and grows young again,
Still this hope of improvement haunts man's brain.

Hope welcomes to life the smiling child;
Her light shapes round the schoolboy swim;
Hope fires the young man with vision wild,
And she goes not under the earth with him,
When his race is run, and the grave doth ope:
On the brink of the grave he planteth—Hope.

It is not an empty, flattering dream,
Offspring of idle thought;
Through every heart it sendeth a gleam
Of that better world we've sought.
And what the voice within us speaks,
Deceives not the soul that trustingly seeks.

THE TRUE CHARM OF HOME.

BY MARY C. GRANNISS.

It needs not wealth, with its splendid accompaniments, to make home beautiful and attractive. No elegance of garniture, no collection of the choicest works of Art, can atone for the deficiency, if the true spirit, which is the very essence of pure home-life, be wanting.

Young Bride! suffer not your heart to feel one pang of regret that you cannot fill your new home with the costly adornments of the rich. Sigh not over the neat "ingrain carpet," wishing it were an expensive "Brussels," or richer "velvet tapestry;" nor allow one murmur of discontent to creep into your heart while selecting the humbler articles for domestic use. Believe us, when we affirm there is that within your own soul, a power, if rightly exercised, that can do more towards making up the best attractions and beauty of home than all the trappings of upholsterers and cabinet shops in Christendom; than all the wealth of the Indies can supply!

"Better a dinner of herbs, where Love is;" ay, Love, the great talisman, can throw around the humblest home, the lowliest fireside, a potent charm, converting all things within the sphere of its influence into higher forms of beauty and gladness than aught else could bestow. That Love is thine, or should be, and oh, how blessed will be its mission, if its springs are ever kept fresh and pure!

See to it, fair young sister, who art now embarking upon the untried sea of wedded life, see to it, we pray thee, that its spirit sanctify thy household. With Love presiding at the board, with Diligence and Cheerfulness walking hand in hand through daily duties, and above all, with an earnest religious faith elevating and hallowing each domestic tie, you may rear a blessed home-bower, in whose peaceful shelter your heart shall find sweet joy, where virtue and intelligence shall delight to dwell, and where all the beautiful charities and gentle sympathies of our nature shall become fireside guests, never to leave thy presence.

Think of these things, young wife! learn in season the extent of your own powers for good, and know that the true charm of home consists in the atmosphere of soul that pervades it, which, if what it should and can be, will fill that sacred spot with a rarer beauty, and invest it with brighter attractions than aught else on earth can bestow.

Maple Cottage, Hartford, Ct.

MY CHILD.

BY MINNIE MARY LEE.

When Spring shall bring the birds, and grass, and flowers,
Methinks that thou must come, my child, to me;
For how will pass the erst so joyous hours
Without a sign, without a word from thee!

The tender buds will spring from where thou'rt lying;
Some soft-eyed flowers will open to the sun;
On boughs above thee birds will cease their flying;
Thou wilt not see or hear, my silent one!

Thine ear is closed to all thy parent's sighing;
In vain we call thee by thy soft, sweet name,
In vain we listen for thy quick replying,
For little steps that once so joyous came!

Ah, blessed child! thy busy feet are straying
O'er emerald meadows of the blue Beyond,
Sweet-scented zephyrs 'mong thy locks are playing,
And angel whispers woo thee, soft and fond.

But oh, sweet child, mid all the budding rapture
That fills thy soul in the abode of bliss,
Let now and then thy wing give lowly wafture
Adown the home thou once did sweetly bless.

Come with a whisper of thy love, yet cherished,
Or give a sense of thy sweet presence near;
Come and give token that it has not perished,
The precious link that bound thee to us here.

From us to thee there is but little distance;
The golden hills will dawn soon on our view;
Our souls will gladden in the bright existence
Of those who've passed Death's shadowy valley through.

We'll joy to go, since thou hast gone before us;
Thy starry wings shall light the path along;
Thy winsome voice shall teach the heavenly chorus,
The swelling anthems of seraphic song.

Beloved child, if such thy glorious mission,
Shall we not cease our mourning and our tears,
With earnest souls to strive for that Elysium
That shall be thine, and ours, through endless years?

ELEANOR HERBERT.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

The brilliant, yet melancholy glory of an Autumn sunset was weaving itself among the trees of a grand old forest, brightening the gorgeous hues of their foliage, and bronzing their trunks with a dusky gold. Though the last day of October, the breeze which was astir was mellow, almost balmy, yet there were low, mournful cadences in its voice, as it shook the sere leaves from the trees, and sent them rustling along the path which lay along the margin of the woods.

A young girl, who had for some ten or fifteen minutes been loitering along a lane which led to the forest, stopping now and then to gather some wild flower still unblighted by the frost, turned aside ere she had reached its termination, and ascended a little sharp hill, crowned with a single oak. From the summit of this eminence she could look down on a large old mansion house, of grey stone, about a quarter of a mile distant. The central part of the structure, which was three stories high, was flanked on either side by wings, of such altitude as to be in keeping with the architectural proportions of the main building. The house itself, as well as all around, had a home-like air, a look of comfort, which more than made up for any lack of modern embellishment.

The countenance of the young girl who stood on the little hill wore a look of deep sadness, for, as she supposed, she was for the last time looking on a roof which had sheltered her since early childhood. She was not handsome: this her mirror told her every morning, as she arranged the rich, heavy braids of her dark hair. She might have been aware that in her case it was no flatterer, had she at times been permitted to see the beautiful, almost glorious transformation wrought on her features, and indeed, throughout her whole person, by the power of intellect.

As she stood there on the brow of the hill, leaning against the broad-spread oak, the sunshine shimmering through the boughs gave the rich braids of her hair, arranged with simple grace, such a lustrous brightness, that at a little distance a golden halo seemed to be circling above her white, still brow. At least, this was the fanciful thought which presented itself to the mind of a young man who, without knowing that she was there, had ascended the hill on the opposite side. Though he took some pains to make his footsteps heard as he advanced towards her, she was so wrapped in her own sad thoughts that he failed in his purpose. She, therefore, when he spoke, gave a sudden, nervous start.

"This fine estate should be yours, Miss Herbert," said he, as if in answer to what he imagined was passing in her mind.

"Why so, Mr. Stafford?" she inquired, almost instantly recovering her self-possession.

"Because your late uncle intended it should be yours. At least, so it is generally thought."

"He did intend it, at one time, no doubt."

"For my part, I believe there's a will in your favor, somewhere in existence; that is, if there's been no foul play."

"I don't believe that my uncle ever made a will in my favor. If he did, it was at a very early period, and I am certain that he must have subsequently cancelled it."

"Artemus Carkley, the son of your uncle's half brother, is the heir-at-law, I believe."

"He is."

"A man, as everybody knows, he heartily disliked."

"I don't think he bore him any good will, though why, I never exactly understood."

"It was because your uncle Herbert was an honest, upright man, and Carkley is unworthy any good man's regard."

"I wish that Hollis had lived," said Eleanor Herbert, "and then this Carkley would have no claim to the estate. You may have heard that my uncle had an adopted son, who died early."

"I have."

"And you may have also heard that they parted, for the last time, in anger, and that Uncle Herbert told him that he should disinherit him."

"Yes."

"The threat, which of course was made under the influence of angry excitement, was never carried into effect. When news came that the ship in which Hollis sailed was lost, and that all on board had perished, my uncle used sometimes, after a long fit of abstraction, to speak up suddenly and say, with a good deal of emphasis, that Hollis was alive, and would some day return. This impression at

times was very strong, and was, as I believe, the true reason why he didn't revoke the will made at an early period in favor of his adopted son."

"You are certain that it remained unrevoked at the time of your uncle's decease?" said Stafford, speaking quickly, and looking at her very earnestly.

"I *am* certain. Almost the last thing my uncle ever said to me was to entrust it to my care, which he did with an earnest solemnity which I shall never forget. I, in my turn, have confided it to the care of Mr. Goodwin, who can be trusted, if any one can."

Had Eleanor's mind been less absorbed by the subject on which she was speaking, she would have scarce failed to notice a quick, though transient brightening of Stafford's countenance.

"Did you ever see him? The adopted son, I mean," said he.

"I never did. He had been gone several weeks when I came to live with my uncle. He was a boy of much promise, I've been told."

"A little obstinate and self-willed, perhaps."

"My uncle didn't consider him so."

"I am glad to hear it."

"See," said Eleanor, a minute afterward, "the gorgeous hues of sunset are fast fading, and will be gone by the time I can reach home."

"Your home for one night more."

"Yes."

Eleanor quickly tied on her hat, which the mild and pleasant air had caused her to cast aside, and commenced descending the hill.

"Miss Herbert—Eleanor—stay one moment," said Stafford.

She obeyed, not wholly devoid of a consciousness why the request was made.

"It is just six months, to-day," said he, "since I commenced teaching school in this place. The term of my engagement has closed."

"To be renewed, as I understand, after a short vacation."

"I did think of renewing it, but have altered my mind."

"Then you will leave this place?"

"No, I shall remain, at least for a short time. Whether I take up my residence here permanently, or not, depends on you."

"On me?"

"Yes, though half an hour ago I shouldn't have felt myself authorized to say this to you."

Eleanor strove to recall to mind whether, during the present interview, there had been anything in her words or appearance which might be construed into a manifestation of the preference in which she felt conscious she held him. She could think of nothing, and in reply said, somewhat coldly:

"You speak enigmatically, Mr. Stafford."

"Perhaps so; and, on reflection, what I last said had better have been left unsaid, at present. We will think no more of it, if you please."

For a few moments they both remained silent.

"As time presses," he then said, "you will excuse my abruptness. Eleanor, will you accept my hand? My heart is already yours, as I think on more than one occasion I have betrayed to you."

"I will."

She answered in a calm, steady voice, though the twilight was not yet so deep as to conceal the bright color which came to her cheeks, nor the light, brighter still, which flashed up to her dark hazel eyes.

"And you will be content to be a village schoolmaster's wife?"

"Why not? You possess industry, energy, and perseverance, three qualities which, when combined, rarely fail to keep want from the door."

"True, but you have so long been accustomed to every luxury."

"When I found that the estate of my uncle was to pass into the hands of Artemus Carkley, I made up my mind to earn my own living. Of course, luxuries would have to be dispensed with. It is true that my friend Mrs. Marsden kindly invited me to make her house my home, as soon as she heard of my uncle's decease, but the bread of dependence must in every instance be more or less bitter, let it be offered by ever so free a hand."

"It is to Mrs. Marsden's that you intend going to-morrow?"

"Yes. I wrote in answer to her invitation, that I would spend three or four weeks with her."

"And at the end of that time you had made up your mind to depend on your own talents and industry for a livelihood?"

"Yes."

"A decision which you now will not abide by."

"Why not? If I marry a poor man, there is the more need that I shouldn't be entirely portionless. I claim a year's delay, and will make the most of it."

"I shall not admit your claim. Make your friend the promised visit, and then we will be married."

"Under existing circumstances it appears to me that so much haste will be indiscreet."

"Though I have it in my power to convince you to the contrary, have you not confidence enough in me not to insist on my doing so till we sit together by our own fireside?"

"I have."

This was said in a manner which showed that she was perfectly sincere.

"Be it so, then," he said, "and I think you will not find that your confidence has been misplaced."

"I've not a single fear that I shall find it to be."

"Where shall our home be, Eleanor? Have you any choice?"

"I cannot say that I have, since I can no no longer dwell beneath the roof and wander in the paths endeared and hallowed by the presence of my uncle. He was very kind to me, Mr. Stafford. A father could not have been more so."

"And yet he knew that by neglecting to provide for you, you would be thrown penniless upon a world that has no sympathy for aught but itself."

"I don't believe that he did neglect to. He even one day hinted to me that I should find myself amply provided for, and was going on to tell me something more, when, looking up, he saw that hateful Prynn standing in the doorway."

"Prynn was Carkley's agent?"

"Yes, while Carkley was absent from this country."

"As you decline fixing on any place as a future residence, will you leave the decision with me?"

"Certainly."

"I have reasons for preferring this town to any other I know of."

"I can think of no pleasanter place," replied Eleanor, "and on one condition I shall be willing to make it our home."

"What is the condition?"

"That we don't live near enough to Artemus Carkley to have him for a neighbor. I am afraid my feelings towards him would not be such as I ought to cherish, should I often see him in my old familiar haunts."

"I should be as averse to living near him as you possibly can be."

The rich purple which steeped the distant hills was now fast fading to a cold grey, and Eleanor, accompanied by Stafford, at last turned her steps towards the fine old mansion, which she was to leave early in the morning, and which she expected never more to enter.

"Three weeks from to-day you may expect to see me," said Stafford, as he unclosed the gate which opened on a garden of shrubs and flowers.

"No place would seem exactly like home to me without a flower-garden," said Eleanor.

"You shall have one," was Stafford's reply. "There's rosemary—that's for remembrance. I pray you love, remember," he added, quoting from Hamlet, as he presented her with a sprig of the fragrant herb.

Though the pale blue flowers had been withered and gone for months, the green leaves were still fresh, and their aroma floated around them on the dewy air.

—

"But you told me that we were not to live in the neighborhood of Artemus Carkley's estate," said Eleanor, as the carriage in which she was seated by her husband's side approached the broad avenue which led to the stately old mansion which had been her former home.

"I told you we shouldn't have Carkley for a neighbor, and we sha'n't."

Just as he finished speaking, they arrived at a spot where lights, previously intercepted by the out-buildings, could be seen beaming cheerily from the front windows of the grey-stone house.

"Look!" said Eleanor, "Carkley has arrived."

"I think not," replied Stafford, and the next minute the carriage turned into the avenue.

"What does this mean?" asked Eleanor.

"Yonder fine old mansion is to be *our* home, and not Artemus Carkley's."

"How can that be? I can't understand."

"But you will, when I tell you that I am your late uncle's adopted son."

"You? Impossible!"

"Not at all. Did it never occur to you that my name is the same as his was previously to his taking the name of Herbert?"

"I knew that his name was Stafford, but then, though in most places it isn't a common name, within half a dozen miles of here almost every other house is inhabited by a family of Staffords, while many of them are so remotely connected by ties of kindred, that no account is made of the relationship. And then, his name was Hollis; yours is Frederic."

"Yes, Frederic Hollis Stafford, or rather Herbert, for, according to the will, I must resume the name your uncle gave me, which, by his command, I relinquished when we parted."

"It seems strange that no one among those who knew you at the time you left, should have suspected who you were."

"Not so very strange. The man of twenty-four seldom bears a striking resemblance to what he was at the age of twelve. As the mind matures, it not only changes the expression of the countenance, but in a measure moulds the features. My uncle and aunt, with whom I have boarded since I became a schoolmaster, alone knew that I was the late Mr. Herbert's adopted son. I had not heard of his death when I first arrived here, and when I was told that he died without remembering me, and that the whole of the property would pass into the hands of Carkley, I decided to leave, never more to return. I saw you and altered my mind. I knew that I ought to go, but I couldn't resist the inclination I felt to remain. So I looked round for some employment, for I couldn't afford to be idle, and was so fortunate as to obtain the situation of district school teacher."

"And Carkley—have you seen him?"

"Yes, he arrived the next day after you left, but found such a serious obstacle to his taking possession of the estate, that, after heaping upon me many opprobrious epithets, and threatening to contest the will, he took the advice of his lawyer, and concluded to let the matter drop."

By this time, the carriage, which had been slowly advancing, stopped at the front entrance of Eleanor's old home. Elsie Weld, who had been the housekeeper for a score of years, with a face radiant with smiles, stood ready to welcome them. "There," said she, "if I had had the orderin' of everything myself, I couldn't have been better suited. When I was expectin' every minute that Art. Carkley, (that, do my best, though I s'pose 'twas unchristian, I never *could* like,) was going to take possession here, lo and behold my bright-eyed Hollis, that I and everybody s'posed was drownded in the salt sea, a dozen years ago, proves to be alive and well; while, at the same time, a will comes to light, showin' that he is lawful owner of this fine estate. And to crown all, like the good and sensible man he is, he goes and makes a wife of my dear Nellie, and brings her here to be the mistress. When she went away, it seemed to me that she carried all the sunshine with her, but now that both of you have come, I guess there'll be a double share."

"I can say the same as you," said Stafford, for, if I had had the ordering of everything, I couldn't have been better suited. What do you say, Ella?"

"What can I say, except that I am of your, and our good Elsie's mind?"

Elsie, who turned to leave the room, stopped after she had opened the door, and for half a minute stood irresolute. She then passed out quickly, closing the door behind her, murmuring as she did so, "No, not now—best to wait till after supper."

Eleanor and Stafford (or Herbert as he should now be called) had just risen from the table, and were seated before the fire, which seemed to be doing its best to look bright and cheery, when the housekeeper re-entered the apartment.

"Here is something directed to you," said she, going up to Eleanor, and handing her a small package.

"It is my uncle's handwriting," said Eleanor, as she looked at the superscription.

"That's what I thought," replied Elsie.

"How came you by it?" inquired Herbert.

"I found it a few days ago, in the chamber where Mr. Prynn slept the last time he was here. It was on the floor, and I think he must have dropped it."

"Let me see it a moment!" said Herbert.

"The seal has been tampered with," he remarked, as he returned it to Eleanor.

It was with trembling hands that Eleanor opened it, for the sight of the handwriting had brought her uncle vividly before her. Among other papers, it contained the following, which she handed to Herbert, who read it aloud:

"My Dear Eleanor: By the enclosed deed of conveyance, the original of which will be found in the Recorder's office, you will find that you are the owner of Woodbourne cottage and the surrounding grounds, which has been in my possession several years; though Mr. Chadworth, of whom I purchased the estate, at my request has continued to be the nominal owner. You will find, also, by another paper, that an income, sufficient to place you above want, is secured to you during life, on condition that you give Elsie Weld, who for the last twenty years has been my housekeeper, and who has faithfully and worthily performed the duties of her station, a home as long as it may be her pleasure to remain.

Your affectionate Uncle,

John Herbert."

"You see," said Eleanor, that I only did my uncle justice, when I said that I was certain that he had in some way provided for me."

"Yes," replied Herbert, "and I rejoice that it is so; not for the sake of the gift, which now might well be dispensed with, but because it shows that he was kind and considerate, when, had it been otherwise, I could not have helped thinking that he had treated you with coldness and neglect, to say nothing of injustice."

RELIGION IN COMMON LIFE.*

[We have given below the title of a new volume, now in the press of Messrs. Derby & Jackson, of New York, and to be issued immediately; and we offer our readers a few pages from the book in advance. The following extract from the preface, will give a clear idea of its character: The author "takes, as it were, the truth-seeker at the church door, as he is about going back for his six day's trial, temptation, and experience in the world, and tries to make him comprehend that religion is for the daily life, and cannot be laid aside at the tranquil close of Sabbath evenings. That, in every department of business, in every office and profession, and in every household duty, men and women must be governed by the divine precepts of the Bible, or they cannot move a step heavenward, no matter how devoutly they may worship in the congregations of the people."]

IN THE WORKSHOP.

"You are not going to put in that piece of wood, Richard?" said one workman to another.

"Yes I am. No one will be the wiser for it," was answered.

"But some one may be wronged by it."

"No very serious wrong. The worst that can happen, will be a rickety drawer."

"But, Richard, if you will take the trouble to go up into the third story, and select a better-seasoned piece of wood, you will then be able to furnish a drawer that will always run smoothly."

"I am not going to take that trouble. Mrs. Thompson would be very far from putting herself out as much for me."

"It doesn't strike me that you have anything to do with Mrs. Thompson's disposition towards you, in the case. It is a simple question of right and wrong. You are at work on a bureau, for which she has agreed to pay our employer a certain price. The understanding is, of course, that the wood and workmanship are to be of good quality. Now, if you put in that piece of wood, you will wrong both Mrs. Thompson and our employer. She will receive a defective, troublesome article, and he will be injured in his business; for Mrs. Thompson would hardly engage him to make another piece of furniture after finding herself deceived in this. Your doing this thing, Richard, is, according to my notion, a violation of Christian charity."

"I don't see that Christian charity has anything to do in the matter. Mrs. Thompson crowded down in the price, and I am not too well paid for my part of the work. So, you see, I can't afford to be hunting about after seasoned wood. This piece comes nicely to my hand, and I am going to use it."

"I have nothing more to say," replied the fellow workman, "except to repeat my judgment of your act, and call it a violation of Christian charity. Our praying, singing, and Bible-reading, Richard, will not help us heavenward, unless we are just between man and man. The Christian profession is nothing without the Christian life. Our religion, in order to change us radically, must descend into all our commonest duties. It belongs as much to the shop as to the family, and as much to the family as to the sanctuary. If you put in that piece of wood, knowing, as you do, that it will render the bureau you are making permanently defective, you will hurt your own soul."

"Don't trouble yourself about my soul," was the rather short reply. "I will take good care of that. If you hadn't said so much about it—magnifying a molehill into a mountain—I might have selected a better piece of wood. But this shall go in now. I'll risk the consequences."

"The risk may be greater than you imagine. It generally is in all such cases," was the grave reply.

And here the remonstrance closed. Richard Wheeler, the journeyman cabinet-maker, worked in the unseasoned piece of wood, and went on to finish the bureau, which was sent home at the time agreed upon, and the price paid. We do not know whether the suggestions of his fellow workman remained with him or not; or whether the unseasoned piece of wood troubled in any wise his conscience.

Time passed on. The bureau, which had been placed in the chamber of Mrs. Thompson, gave good satisfaction for a time; but the unseasoned piece of wood failed at length to do its proper duty, and the drawer began halting in its work. The disproportionate shrinkage of one side of the drawer, bent all the parts out of line, and so the opening and closing thereof

* Steps Towards Heaven; or Religion in Common Life. A Series of Lay Sermons for Converts in the Great Awakening. By T. S. Arthur. New York: *Derby & Jackson.*

was always attended with more or less difficulty.

Richard, the journeyman who made the bureau, was in the wareroom one day when Mrs. Thompson came in, and with some warmth of manner, said to his employer:

"I don't think you have dealt fairly by me in that bureau, Mr. Cartwright."

"Rather a grave charge, Mrs. Thompson," replied the cabinet-maker. "Why do you say so?"

"You haven't made it of properly seasoned wood; a thing for which I particularly stipulated," said the lady.

"I beg your pardon, Madam;" Mr. Cartwright spoke with visible indignation; "the wood *was* properly seasoned."

"And I say that it was not." Mrs. Thompson was growing excited. "Why, there's one drawer, in particular, so all awry from shrinkage in some parts of it, that it requires more humoring to get it in and out, than I have the patience to give. I'm tempted some days to have the whole thing pitched into the street. It would be a disgrace to the poorest cabinet-maker in the city!"

This was rather more than Mr. Cartwright could bear. He lost temper entirely, and gave Mrs. Thompson so bluff a reply, that she went off in a passion, threatening, as she did so, to warn all of her friends against the cabinet-maker's establishment.

Richard made a hasty retreat from the wareroom to the workshop. His state of mind was not one to be envied. Here was the evil fruit of his wrong act; and what a monstrous production from so small a seed! He had not only been unjust to Mrs. Thompson, but had seriously injured his employer; for it was plain that custom would be diverted from his establishment through his improper act.

The journeyman carried a sober heart home with him at the close of that day. His fellow workman, the one who had remonstrated with him about putting into the bureau drawer an unseasoned piece of wood, called for him after supper, to go with him to religious meeting, but Richard declined. For the first time he saw clearly the want of agreement between his conduct in this particular, and that which was demanded by the divine law of justice from man to man.

"Come!" urged his fellow workman.

But Richard said, "No, not to-night," in such a resolute way, that he was left to himself. He passed the evening in a very unhappy frame of mind.

On the next Sunday he attended church as usual. He was still troubled in his thoughts by what had occurred. Singularly enough it seemed to him that almost every sentence spoken by the preacher had a more or less remote application to himself. Every proposition was a mirror in which he could see his own distorted image. But the closing portions of the sermon, when the preacher gathered his generalities together, and condensed them into specific applications, smote him with humiliating convictions of wrong.

"No man can be a Christian," said the minister, "who is not faithful in his common, daily, life-pursuits. The judge must administer justice from equity, and not from favor, or the lure of bribes. The physician must regard the life and health of his patient above all other considerations. The merchant must deal justly, and the mechanic execute his work in all things faithfully. It will not answer to disregard these things. My brother;" and the minister warmed in his manner, as he leaned over the pulpit, and looked, as it seemed to Richard, directly into the pew where he sat, "do not hope to reach Heaven by the old way. You must walk in another, and narrower road. Let us suppose you are a workman. Now, what is Christianity in the workshop? You must take it with you there, remember. You cannot leave it behind you, go where you will; for it is no loosely fitting garment, but an element of life. Yes, you must take it with you into the workshop, my brother. Not as the Bible in your hand; nor as hymns to make the air melodious; nor as pious talk with fellow workmen. No, no; workshop Christianity consists in a religious fidelity to your employer and his customers. If you neglect or slight the work you are paid to perform, you commit sin; you are irreligious; and your pious acts will go for nothing."

What further the preacher said, Richard knew not. He passed, in his application, to trader, manufacturer, and the various professions in life, but his thought was bound by the artizan's duty.

"A sad thing happened this morning," said Richard's wife, on his return from work one day in the following week. "Mrs. Thompson broke a blood vessel, and now lies very ill. The doctors have but little hope of her recovery."

"How did that happen?" asked the mechanic, with a sudden sense of uneasiness.

"She was trying to push in a drawer that didn't run smoothly, when it caught, and the

jar, I believe, caused the blood vessel to break. It was a bureau drawer. What's the matter, Richard? You look pale! Are you sick?"

His wife spoke these last sentences in a tone of anxiety.

"I don't feel very well," he answered; "but it's nothing of consequence. Did you say that she was thought to be in danger?"

"Yes, she lies very low."

Richard turned his face away. When supper was placed before him, he tried to eat, in order that his wife might not see how deeply he was troubled; but only a few mouthfuls passed his lips. Silent, and apart from the family, he sat during the evening; and the night which followed was, for the most part, sleepless.

On his way to work, next morning, Richard went past the dwelling of Mrs. Thompson. He almost feared to look at the house, when he came in sight, lest death-signs on the door should give the fatal intelligence of her dissolution. He breathed more freely when he saw that all remained as usual. So anxious was he that he stopped and made inquiry as to her condition.

"Something better." How the words made his heart leap.

"Is she out of danger?" he asked, almost tremblingly.

"Oh no, but the doctor speaks encouragingly."

Richard went on his way. At night, as he returned homeward, he called to inquire again.

"She is no worse." This was all the comfort he received, and on this he passed another restless night.

"If she dies, am not I her murderer?" This was the thought that troubled him so deeply, and made him so anxious about the life of Mrs. Thompson. It was more than a week before all danger seemed past, and then the unhappy workman breathed more freely. How the thin white face and feeble steps of Mrs. Thompson rebuked him, a month afterwards, as he met her one day in the street. He could not rest after that until he had obtained possession of the bureau drawer, and adjusted it so accurately to its place that it might be moved in and out by the hand of a child. In doing this he took care to remove the defective piece of wood.

"Why have *you* done this?" It was the sudden question of Mrs. Thompson, as Richard, having made all right, was about leaving the house.

He was confused.

"I did not send for you to do this."

The dark eyes of Mrs. Thompson looked out from their hollow sockets upon the almost startled workman.

"There was an unseasoned piece of wood in that drawer," said Richard, speaking with as much calmness as he could assume. "I wrongly placed it there, and I alone am to blame. Mr. Cartwright believed that every part of the work was of seasoned wood, according to agreement. He never meant to wrong you. He is an honest man. Oh, ma'am! if you can forgive me, do so, for since the accident to yourself I have been one of the most wretched of men."

"I can do no less than forgive," answered the lady, gravely, "and I hope God will forgive also, for you have been the agent of a great wrong."

The journeyman cabinet-maker retired, with a lesson in his heart that it was impossible ever to forget. After that he tried to bring his religion into the workshop, and he was successful, in a good degree. It was then, and not till then, that he began really moving heavenward. Before, he depended on states of feeling, but now on just acts to his neighbor, grounded in a religious principle.

TEMPTATION.

"If it was not for temptation," said a young convert, speaking to one who had been many years trying to walk in the narrow way, "I could get along very well. But the enemy is always taking me at unawares. I start out in the morning, resolved that my walk and conversation shall, in all things, adorn my profession, but ere I am half through the day, temptations assail me and I fall."

"I trust not, my young brother," was the gravely spoken reply. "To *fall* in temptation is a most dreadful thing. Every man who is regenerated falls *into* temptations. Without them we could not know the evil qualities of our hearts, nor be able to rise above them into the life of good affections. 'Count it all joy,' says the Apostle James, 'when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience.' And again he says, 'Blessed is the man that endureth temptation.' It is by means of temptations that spiritual life is formed, and through the conflicts that temptations bring, that this life gains manly vigor. It is not falling into temptation that harms us, but falling in temptation. Not the conflict, but the loss in battle. We must conquer, if we would have peace and rest. Can you not see that, my brother?"

"I see it," was answered, in a troubled voice. "But your words form themselves into sentences of condemnation. Alas! I fall in every temptation."

"Do not hastily write bitter things against yourself," was the encouraging response to this. "Perhaps it is not so bad. If you will confide to me a day's experience, perhaps I can give you some aid, and some encouragement."

"Most gladly, for I am in need of help. This morning, before I left my room, I prayed most fervently that I might be kept stainless through the day; that a guard might be set upon my lips, and that all my actions might do honor to His name. Conscious of my own weakness, I wished to depend on him solely, and so prayed that he would substitute his strength for my weakness. Thus armed, as I thought, I went forth, but ere the first hour had passed I fell. A sudden assault upon my feelings was repelled by sharp words instead of a meek reply, and so I dishonored my Lord."

"Will you state the occasion?"

"It happened in this wise. I was attending upon a customer who was captious and troublesome. She annoyed me greatly by some of her remarks. At last she called my word in question, which threw me off of my guard, and extorted an angry response. Of course, she got angry in return, and left the store. It made me unhappy for the day. Next I was betrayed into light and trifling conversation, and next so far forgot myself as to indulge in evil speaking and uncharitableness. Then I would discover that my thoughts were running on worldly and forbidden things, and once I actually caught myself working out a secret scheme for overreaching in trade. I was so shocked at this, that I felt almost like abandoning my Christian profession. Isn't it dreadful to think of! I believed my heart changed, but now am sorely afraid that I am worse, instead of better. Oh, these temptations! Why is it that we are subjected to them?"

"It is by temptation that our evil quality is revealed to us," was mildly answered. "Now as I regard your experience during the day, I think you have reason to be thankful for the occurrences which have shown you that there are things in your heart which must be removed ere you can advance in the regenerate life."

"But I fell in temptation," said the young man, in a troubled tone of voice.

"I am not so sure of that. Temptation is an allurement to sin; and sin is some violation of God's law; and we *fall* in temptation, when the right and the wrong are both clearly presented to our minds, and, in freedom to do the right or the wrong, we do the wrong, because our natural affections love it. Now let us try your actions to-day by this rule. First, as to the angry words to a troublesome customer. Would you have said them if you had taken time for reflection?"

"No. I was pained the moment I gave them utterance."

"Enough; the pain shows the spiritual vitality. If you had felt pleased at having wounded or annoyed the person, the case would have been different; and if you have resolved to be still more guarded in future, the lapse on this occasion is only a stepping-stone, as it were, to better conditions of mind. Both you and the lady, it strikes me, will gain something by the incident. And let me help you to look a little deeper. Which gave you most pain, a consciousness of having wronged the lady, or of appearing unmanly in her eyes? Of having sinned before God, or of having disgraced yourself before men? Get at the truth, if possible."

The young convert turned his thoughts inward, in close self-examination.

"You have helped me to look deeper;" he lifted a pair of sober looking eyes to the face of his friend; "but I do not like what I see."

"Why?"

"It was not the sin that really troubled me. I thought more of man's estimate than God's."

"Which was wrong."

"O, yes!"

"So much really gained by this loss of temper. Can't you see that the trial was for your good, and the fall, in a sudden assault, ere you had time to buckle on your armor, permitted, in order that you might be enabled to see deeper into your heart. You are on your feet again, and stronger than before.

"The next thing complained of, is light and trifling conversation; and the next evil speaking; then your thoughts ran on worldly and forbidden things. Now, as to the light and trifling conversation, I have only to say, that religion does not bind a man to solemn speech at all times, and in all places. Pleasant words are not evil, unless they involve some hurtful thing, as what is obscene, wicked, or profane; then they have a soul-destroying quality. Bring your conversation to this test always. As to the evil speaking, and pondering on forbidden things, they are to be repented of. If the discovery has pained you, that is another advance in the right direction. But the most

serious discovery you have made during the day, is the fact that dishonesty lurks in your heart. Here was a real temptation; but thanks be to God who giveth us the victory; you were able to meet the enemy of your soul on the very threshhold, and hurl him back with more than a giant's strength. Now, think for a moment, my young friend, and then say whether the experiences a little while ago complained of so bitterly are not really the day's stepping-stone towards Heaven? Are you not wiser and stronger than when the morning dawned? Is not the way plainer?

"Temptations help us onward, if we but overcome in them, because they are revelations of our evil qualities, the existence of which we could not know without them. But if in the strife we fall, then we grow worse instead of better; then our steps lead downwards instead of upwards. Your morning prayer to be kept from evil during the day is well; but do not let the utterance of this prayer lead you to neglect watchfulness for a single moment. Prayer will not weaken your enemies, but render them, it may be, more determined and malignant. Watch through all the succeeding hours of the day, and keep your armor tightly girded. Be ready for sudden assault, or stealthy inroad, and then, as a true Christian warrior, you shall come off victorious."

"Thanks! thanks!" was the earnest reply. "You have helped me wonderfully. I see clearer, and feel both strength and encouragement. I have not really fallen in temptation; but am stronger for the brief conflicts."

"These," said the more experienced Christian soldier, "are but light skirmishings before the shock of battle. Your real temptations are in the future; but you will not be admitted to these until you have overcome the outposts and vanguards of the enemy. Then will come the fiercer struggles and wilder conflicts of the strong man. Now you have only the child's strength, and none but feebler foes are suffered to approach; but as you grow up towards the full stature of a Christian hero, the strongest, and most malignant enemies of your soul will array themselves, and then you must conquer. Fear not, for divine courage and divine skill will be yours, if you go bravely into the fight; and when you have conquered, there will be rest and peace. Count it all joy, therefore, when you fall into divers temptations; for they are the trials of your faith."

STRAY LEAVES FROM CLARA SIMS' PORTFOLIO.

LEAF I.—MY GRAVE.

Reader, have you any silent monitor, that comes to you in the form of a thought, or an object, that like a warning spectre deters you when about to do a wrong? I have a strange one. At such a moment I immediately see, in fancy—my grave.

If in an unguarded moment of passion I forget the respect due my kind husband—if language other than that of love and gentleness is poured out upon him, a grassy mound arises to my vision, and the angry words die upon my lip. Not for the gems of Golconda's mines, would I have him, while gazing upon my last resting place, remember me in bitterness. I would have him recall my image, and dwell upon it with rapture. I would have him remember my eyes as beaming ever with love and tenderness for him. My brow I would have him see all unruffled by the lines of discontent. My hand, then mouldering to dust, I would have him remember as ever ready to soothe, with gentle touch, his pain, whether mental or physical. My voice I would have steal on his ear in cadences soft and low.

If, from preoccupation, I fail to return the gentle caresses of my little Clara, as she turns to leave me, with disappointment glistening in her half-averted eyes, I see my grave. Not for worlds would I have her stand beside that sad spot until the remembrance of my seeming unkindness was obliterated from the tablets of memory. I want her to pluck the fairest flowers to deck my home of earth. I want her to seek the shade of the weeping willow that bends above my lowly head, and feel no fear. I want her to know that she has a spirit-mother, ever watchful, ever near.

If as a mistress I fail to exercise the patience and forbearance necessary, I am reminded of my duty by my grave. Humble though my servants are, I want them too to love the spot. As they crowd around it, may blessings, and not curses, be breathed for her reposing beneath the sod.

Thus, in all the relations of life, whether as wife, mother, sister, friend, or mistress, I am constantly reminded of my duty, by my grave.

Wetumpka, Ala.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

HEALTH AND THE LOVE OF NATURE.

If, as we are informed by Miss Beecher, and others whose investigations have qualified them to speak with authority upon this subject, the health and vigor of our population, and more especially of the female portion of it, are becoming deteriorated at a rapid and fearful rate, then is it not plainly the duty of all right-minded citizens to inform themselves as to the causes of this lamentable condition of things, and to do something towards alleviating or removing it? The evils and discomforts incident to impaired health, to say nothing of actual, positive disease, are so manifold, and so destructive of happiness, that it can only be by shutting them out of sight and thought, that any can be indifferent about this alleged and well proven deterioration of the health and vigor of the women of our country. When the sad consequences connected with this lack of health and vigor in the tenement provided by the Creator for the soul to live and work in are duly conceived of and considered, the vital importance of a Health Department in a Ladies' Magazine, and of all inquiries and efforts directed to the abatement of the evil and its many mournful consequences, will be readily perceptible.

Feeling deeply the importance of everything which may contribute to prevent or lessen any of the ill health which is becoming more and more prevalent, we offer at present a few thoughts, suggested by the season of the year, upon the health-promoting influences of a love of Nature, and of the out-door activities, excursions, and employments thence resulting.

We take it for granted that all are well aware and ready to acknowledge that much of the debility and delicate health of women is owing to their want of exercise in the open air. The bulk of the occupations of women must be pursued in-doors, and as they are not absolutely compelled to go out, as men are, they are apt to remain too much in the house, and to acquire thus a growing disinclination to out-door exercises and exposures. This disinclination it seems to be difficult to overcome. How often has the kind and considerate family physician, or other friend, who has been counselling some delicate young girl to take more exercise in the open air, been answered somewhat as follows: "Oh! I suppose I should be stronger and better if I went out more, but I do dislike so much to fuss in the garden, or to take walks, without any object except just one's health!" As the health becomes more and more impaired, this disinclination to out-door exercise and employment grows upon the invalid; headaches, nervousness, low spirits, and general *malaise* become more frequent and severe, and a foundation is being laid for the attack of consumption, or some other disease incident to prostration of the vital powers. Now all the miseries of many long years of such debility and ill health might have been prevented, if the parents had instilled a love of Nature, encouraged out-door sports, and formed the child to take an interest in the culture of flowers, fruits, shrubs, &c., or in some other employment which would have increased the love of Nature in some of her various aspects or departments, and have, at the same time, invigorated and toughened the constitution. The miseries of such a condition might also, to a certain extent, be prevented or alleviated, if the person threatened with growing debility, delicacy, and impairment of health and vigor, were to consult some judicious work on hygiene, or some well informed friend, and rouse herself up to overcome her listlessness and sedentary habits—her fondness for idle dreaming and foolish romance—and enter with energy upon gardening, or some other pursuit which would afford abundant occasions for exercise or activity in the open air.

Perhaps some parent of a delicate child, or some semi-invalid, may lay these hints to heart, and contrive some mode of healthful employment in conformity therewith. As the love of the beautiful in Nature's works grows by being exercised, not the body alone shall be benefited, but the mind and heart also. Luther, the Reformer, found solace and relief from cares and controversies in his garden, and saw the goodness and wisdom of the Creator therein displayed.

CURE OF CORNS.

Soak the foot in warm water for about a quarter of an hour, every night; after each soaking, rub on the corn patiently, with the finger, half a dozen drops of sweet oil; wear around the toe during the day two thicknesses of buckskin, with a hole in it to receive the corn; continue this treatment until the corn falls out; and by wearing *moderately* loose shoes, it will be months, and even years, before the corn returns, when the same treatment will be efficient in a few days.

Paring corns is always dangerous, besides making them take deeper root—as will a weed if cut off near the grouud. Many applications are recommended to be made to corns, to burn or eat out, or soften them, but the plan advised above is *safe*, is PAINLESS, gives most welcome relief in a few hours, and prevents a return of the corn for a longer time than any other remedy.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

ELLEN'S MISTAKE ABOUT HEAVEN.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"What is your name, dear?" asked Aunt Grace, as she tied the child's straw bonnet and thought what a sweet little creature she was, with cheeks and lips red as cranberries, and eyes blue and serene as the skies are when May is getting ready to shake hands with June.

"My name is Susan Darling," lisped the little girl.

"Well, Ellen," said Aunt Grace, turning to her niece, "take good care of the little girl, and I hopo you'll all have a good time among the strawberry fields."

It was Saturday afternoon, and some dozen of Ellen Dean's schoolmates had assembled at her house, from which they were to start on a strawberry expedition, and their minds had been greatly exercised on this matter for the last week.

Ellen was an only child, and Aunt Grace was her mother's only sister, and though she lived in the city, with her parents, she passed a large portion of every Summer at her aunt's home, in the country.

So the lady stood at the window and watched the party of little girls as they flocked down to the front gate, with their little baskets and tin kettles filled with the lunches of biscuit and cake their careful mothers had wrapped up for them. And when Aunt Grace saw the bright faces of the children, and heard their merry tones, and the sweet ripples of laughter that overflowed their merry lips, she almost wished she was a little girl again, with a tin kettle on her arm, going off into the meadows, strawberrying, that fair Saturday afternoon.

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A week had passed. It was a bright Saturday afternoon again, but no bright-faced children flocked out of the door of Ellen Dean's home, and there was a shadow on the forehead of the little girl, and a strange awe in her eyes, as she came softly into the room where Aunt Grace sat reading, and whispered close in the lady's ear, "She's dead, Aunty."

Aunt Grace laid down her book. "It don't seem possible," she said; and it's only a week ago to-day that she lifted up her bright little face to me and said, 'my name's Susan Darling.' And to think, she lies there, cold, and white, and that she'll never smile or speak again." Aunt Grace could not go on, and she and Ellen cried softly together.

"How old was she?" at last asked the lady.

"Just ten, Aunty."

"A year younger than you are, Ellen!" Ah me! death comes very suddenly, and it doesn't wait, either, for the old and the grey-haired, but it takes those who least look for it; the little children, whose hearts are full of life, and hope, and happiness; and lo! death calls for them, and they are gone."

"She died of croup, Aunty;" the doctor says it was a very severe attack. Oh, how I wish I could see her once more!"

"Do you, my child? It is not a long walk, and I will go with you bye and bye."

Two hours later Ellen and Aunt Grace stood in the little bed-room whence Susan Darling had gone home to God. They had not laid her in the coffin yet, and she looked very happy and life-like as she lay there, with her little waxen hands folded together, and the long brown lashes closed tightly over the blue eyes that would never sparkle with sweet smiles any more.

Ellen stood still and looked a long time, holding her aunt's hand, but she scarcely spoke a word, only she was thinking what a sweet little girl Susan Darling was, and how they would miss her at school, in her old place by the window, and what a terrible thing it was to die so young and so suddenly.

"Well, she is in Heaven now, with the God who loves little children," said Aunt Grace, as she led her niece away.

"But I know, Aunty, she'd rather have stayed in this world, where it is so pleasant, and she was so happy with the girls, than go away off there. You know the people are all so good in Heaven, and sing psalms all the time, but Susie loved to play, and frolic, and go out in the woods gathering flowers and berries, and now she can't do it any more, for you know Heaven is such a good place; but then this world is so pleasant."

"Ellen, my dear child," said Aunt Grace, "who made this world, with all its beautiful sunshine, its hills, and fields, and trees, and flowers, all the things we love?"

"Why, God, Aunty!"

"Well, just think; if he has made this world, which is full of sin, and suffering, and misery, so very beautiful, what must that world be where none of these things can ever enter? No, no, Ellen; they do something up there beside sing psalms. The flowers that grow there are fairer than the roses and lilies of this world, and the little brooks sing sweeter music, and the trees that rise in those blessed woods never put off their green leaves, and those shining hills never put on the white snows of Winter. Ah, Ellen, I love to think of that bright place; of the berries, and flowers, and beautiful things that grow there, and of the little children that laugh as they wander through the woods, and maybe sport by the streams, with the blessed angels to take care of them; and then, when I have thought a long time about all these things, I remember what Paul says, and what you have read in

your little Testament so often: 'It has not entered into the heart of man to conceive of it.' Just think of it, dear, we cannot even imagine its wondrous beauty, and glory, and perfection."

"Is it really so, Aunty?" asked Ellen, looking up, her face kindled with a new light. "Maybe it isn't right to say so, but I always thought Heaven was a good, but such a gloomy place; and I shouldn't want to go there until I was very old and very tired of this world."

"And so I used to think, once, Ellen, and so, alas! a great many little children think, but they are all mistaken. I have only now to look abroad on this world, and seeing all its beauty, to remember God made it, and I am certain then the home He has promised me up there will be a great deal fairer than this, and that when I get there I shall enjoy a great deal more its pleasant walks, and its softer winds, and its brighter scenes."

"Oh, I shall love to think of Heaven, and that Susie is there, now!" and there was a new joy in Ellen's eyes.

Little children who have thought that Heaven was a dark and gloomy place, just like a meeting house, where people sit still and sing almost all day, just remember what Aunt Grace said, and be sure the little children who go there take such comfort that they never sigh to come back to this world.

THE CHILD'S WISHES.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Oh, I wish I was a robin,
With breast of glossy red,
And black and shining feathers
On my bonnie little head!
Dear Mother, see the robin,
The pretty robin, fly!
Oh, if I had his nimble wings,
I'd visit yonder sky!

Oh, I wish I was the South wind,
That sings so low and deep,
And flutters down the hillside,
Amid the snowy sheep;
I'd fan the little lambkins
Through every sunny day,
And make the crimson clover
Blossom for them all the way.

Oh, I wish I was the streamlet,
Down in the merry dell;
I'd sing the whole time sweetly,
To the listening cowslip bell;
I'd water dusty meadows,
And verdant make the grass,
And all the little sleepy flowers
Would laugh to see me pass.

I wish I was a daisy,
In some shady wayside nook,
Where the pretty village maidens
Would pause on me to look;
I'd charm them with my fragrance
Of half their gentle love,
With my eyes so bright and starry,
Lifted up to Heaven above.

But if I was a robin,
Or the South wind, soft and low,
Or the little gliding streamlet,
Or a modest daisy flow—,
Mother, I could not slumber
Upon your snowy breast;
Your kisses would not soothe me,
In the night-time, into rest.

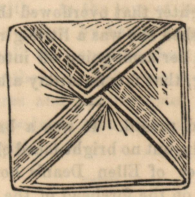
So I'd rather be your darling
Than anything on earth;
I'm happier than the happiest thing
That ever had a birth!
I'd not be bird, or streamlet,
South wind, or daisy-pearl,
But let me stay here, Mother dear,
And be your little girl.

Farmington, N. H.

THE GORDIAN KNOT.

Take a silk handkerchief, and lay it on a table. Take each of the corners, and lay them across each other in the middle of the handkerchief, which will then be square, as in the cut, (Fig. 1.) Do the same with the new corners, and go on until the handkerchief is reduced to the size of your hand. Then with your left finger and thumb take hold of the centre, taking care to grasp all the four corners that lie there, and with the right finger and thumb

(Fig. 1.)



(Fig. 2.)

take hold of the outer layer of silk, and pull it towards you as far as it will come. Then turn it a little on your left hand, and repeat the operation until it is all screwed up into a tight ball, as is represented in the engraving, (Fig. 2.) No ends will be then perceptible, and a person who is unacquainted with the mode will never be able to untie it. Of course you must prepare it previously. When the person to whom you give it has failed to untie it, you take the ball in your hand, and holding it behind your back, you reverse the method by which it was tied, and when it is loose a good shake will release it.

THE TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE, 1858.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT, OF NEW YORK.

DETAILS OF THE COLORED PLATE.

LADY ON THE LEFT.—Dress of China muslin; triple skirt, ornamented with embroidery and puffed ribbon serpentine *rayares*. Fichu of the same, ornamented in keeping, with double bow at stomach, with flowing ends. The body is long, and the points before and behind not very sharp. This dress is sometimes made *en basque*, but in either style nothing could be more delicate and Summery.

The hat is a mixture of white chip and silk, garnished in the same light and lively style as the dress.

Lace-boots, of drab lasting.

Many shirred hats are seen on our promenades, with dress of this *genre*, and we are credibly informed that they are gaining favor.

LADY ON THE RIGHT.—Full toilet, with pointed body, and lace fichu extending from the lace bertha-bretelles to the neck. The flowing sleeve of lace, headed with two puffs of the same, as also the bertha and flounces, are ornamented with imitation pearls.

The coiffure is very plain, and the *cachepeigne* is formed of blue ribbon, with flowing ends, enlivened with little clusters of pearls.

The low shoes are of satin, the same shade as the dress.

MANTILLAS.

The richest mantilla in vogue is of a very lustrous black *taffetas* for the circular body, which extends a trifle below the elbows, to which is added a full and deep fall of lace, with grenadine foundation, *rayee* with horizontal bands of velvet from a quarter to an inch wide—the velvet and lace woven in one piece—extending to within a foot of the carpet; and the body is joined to this rich drapery by a heading in *passementerie*, and a *demi-ruche* of *taffetas*. This *manteau* is not hooded—the neck intended to be covered by the lace collar. The whole is very stylish.

We also saw a hooded mantilla, of black *taffetas*, half-*glace*, the hood edged with *passementerie*, and ornamented with a rich double tassel of *chenille*, the hood being of lace, thickly striped with tracings of very narrow velvet—a new material, and the prettiest that was ever invented, and this material is formed into a very deep flounce, with pine-apple points, lengthening the mantilla to within a foot of the bottom of the dress. These mantillas are too rich and fragile for street wear, but they are beautiful in a close carriage, and at evening lectures, matinees, &c.

Velvet mantilla, circular shape, finished with chenille edgings, fringed; ditto, with imperatrice trimming—entirely new style.

One of black *dentelle d' Espagne* and double imperatrice, transparent, scarf-shaped, with from one to three flounces.

Also the lace shawl—a cheaper lace, in imitation of the Brussels—edged with large pine-apple points.

The *Scindia* mantle, of light mole-colored cloth, trimmed with tabs in front, the bottom edge scolloped. In length it extends to the knee, and it is embossed behind and at the sides in very ornamental designs, and the hood is a new and attractive shape. This mantle, in all light shades, is a beautiful innovation in style, and will become quite the rage.

BRIOCHE CUSHION, BRAIDED ON MERINO.

Materials—Four pieces of colored French merino, and one piece of each of four colors of braid.

The quantity of merino required for this cushion is three-eighths of a yard, which will cut into four pieces, of the form given in the engraving. As the sections of the braid are usually all of different colors, four pieces, each containing the quantity named, will make four cushions; or if two colors only are used, two pieces will suffice for two.

The design given in the engraving is to be enlarged to the necessary size for the cushion, pricked for pointing, and then the same paper will do to mark every section. After using the paper pattern with prepared pounce, remove it, and go over the whole design with a solution of flake-white and gum water.

The braiding is to be done in the usual way, the stitches being always taken across the thin part of the braid.

In selecting the merinos, violent contrasts should be avoided. The tints should be all either dark or light. Crimsons, greens, dark blue, and claret, go well together; but if light pinks and blues are among the shades, the joining colors should be stone, drab, and a warm slate.

In arranging the braids, the same colors should be selected. Green, dark blue, or violet looks well on orange merino, orange on green or blue, pink on stone or grey, dark blue on claret, crimson on green.

If preferred, eight pieces may be cut to form the round, instead of four, but in any case, there should be no strong contrasts, and four different colors are quite enough to look well.

THE DRAWING-ROOM WHAT-NOT.

It is always with pleasure that we introduce to our subscribers' notice any article that is at once novel and useful, and which at the same time owes the larger portion of its ornamental character to the skilful labors of the Work-table. The What-Not is exactly one of these tasteful articles. It is quite new, and we think it will be found well worthy of the attention of our readers, and that the time employed in its production will be sufficiently rewarded.

The What-Not consists of three trays, or shelves, with a narrow upright border, of which our illustration will furnish the best idea. They are arranged to hang one over the other, being all suspended by means of one set of cords. These trays are of light wood, each being rounded at the corners. They are usually lined with either cloth or German velvet.

The border of bead-work is intended to cover the front of each tray. It is worked on fine canvass. The outline of all its parts is traced in with beads of chalk white, and all the interiors are of transparent white. The veins of the leaves and the tendrils are in gold beads, as is also the spot in each berry. The ground is a light, bright, opaque blue. The little marginal edge is of black and gold.

The fringe which hangs down from each part is formed of gold and blue, the lower part of each loop being in gold, and its upper part in blue. These loops being thread of regularly graduated lengths, each is twisted round its next neighbor.

The three different parts of the What-Not being all complete, they are put together in the following manner: Four small rings are attached to each of the trays, two in the front and two in the back, in the places indicated in our engraving. In the fronts of the bottoms of the trays, in a line with the two front rings, a hole must be pierced, and through this hole a silk cord must be passed, first through the hole, then through the ring, and so on to the top, the distances being regulated by knots in the cord, and a tassel, either of beads or silk, being left suspended from each ring, in the front of the bead-work.

Ladies who do not wish to undertake quite so much work, may, with exactly one-third of the trouble, produce a more simple, but still very elegant article in the shape of the What-not, formed only of one tray, but in every other respect following the instructions we have given. This is expected to be an equally fashionable article, although we have preferred to give the more elaborate and richer form.

Being a new article, the making up of the What-Not ought to be entrusted only to experienced hands.

As the durability of bead-work depends much on the cotton employed, we recommend Messrs. Walter Evans & Co.'s Patent *Glace* Thread for this purpose; blue for the blue beads, white for the white.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

No. 1.—Is a little boy's dress of heavy silk, broadly plaided with blue, wood color and white. It is a saque form laced up on each side, and left open to the waist, where it is confined by a belt of blue and white elastic silk, fastened with a pretty silver buckle. A border of blue silk, edged with white, forms a rich trimming around the bottom. The sleeves are loose, and almost straight, descending to the wrist, where the embroidered ruffles of his undersleeves turn back in the style of gauntlet cuffs; an embroidered ruffle surrounds the neck, and spreads open at the bosom in a chemisette, very novel and elegant; pantalettes of French needlework, scolloped at the edge, descend a little below the knees, leaving his little sandalled limbs and patent leather slippers fully exposed.

No. 2.—Is a little boy in his first masculine outfit. The trousers are green velvet, of that tint which shines in the emerald; they only reach a little below the knees, when they meet a ruffle of French needlework; they are buttoned at the sides with three gilt buttons; the bottom is surrounded by a vine of embroidery creeping in stems, leaves, and fruit of the grape-vine up the sides and around the waist-band. The tunic is of royal purple velvet, made rather short, and falling open in front. The sleeves are full, and descend only a little below the elbow. The whole garment is finished with a fine scolloped edge, embroidered with purple silk, and above this is an exquisite little vine of leaves and flowers, wrought with two shades of purple. A band of French needlework descends the bosom of the shirt, and on each edge is a needlework ruffle falling back on the bosom. The sleeves are gathered into insertion bands at the wrist, and a needlework ruffle leaves his delicate throat exposed.

No. 3.—Is a little lady, elaborately ringleted and clad in one of the most perfect little silk dresses. The silk is a white ground, varied richly with stripes of cerulean blue. The skirt is covered with four flounces cut crosswise of the silk, and scolloped with blue at the edges. The body is formed of blue and white lappets, that fall from the shoulders to the waist. The sleeves are charming little affairs. They are formed with two narrow ruffles, scolloped and bound with blue, each mounted with a coquettish little blue rosette, with floating ends. A pretty pair of pantalettes enriched with needlework, of a pointed pattern, peep from beneath the flounced skirt.

No. 4.—Is another precious little pet. Her party dress is of white silk, delicately plaided with rose color. The sleeves are formed of a single ruffle, scolloped and finished with narrow rose-colored gimp. Lappets pass from the waist over each shoulder, forming a second ruffle to the sleeves, and bands of narrow fringe cross the bosom between these two lappets. Four graduated flounces, edged with gimp, cover the skirt, leaving nothing but the hem visible. Pantalettes of fine cambric, cut in deep points, and heavy with needlework, finish this childish, but rich toilet.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

LIQUID GLUE.

This is one of the most convenient appendages of domestic life which modern ingenuity has devised. Every careful housekeeper will prize it as a convenient assistant in cobbling up a broken chair, or in replacing a bit of loose veneering on the furniture. Indeed, for all purposes where it will not come in contact with water, this glue may be used with safety. But few of the many who would like to have it know how to make it. To prepare it, take glue of good quality, and dissolve it in as small a quantity of hot water as possible; then, while yet hot, remove it from the fire, and dilute it to the proper degree of thinness by adding alcohol, after which it should be bottled and the mouth of the bottle kept covered with a piece of India rubber, or any thing else that will exclude the air. Alcohol will preserve glue made in this way for many years, keeping it from putrefaction in Summer and from freezing in Winter. In cold weather it needs only a little warming to make it ready for use. This convenient article has been in use in England for many years, but never has been extensively known in this country.

SYRUPS.

These are easy to prepare, and are very agreeable to the palate, as well as economical, as they supersede the use of ardent spirits and wine. On the continent of Europe it is a common practice to drink simple syrup, which is called *eau sucre*, but which we term capillaire, diluted with water to the taste of the drinker.

Capillaire is made thus: Dissolve about two pounds of the best refined white sugar in one pint of water; boil the mixture for five or ten minutes, then strain it through lawn, or a hair sieve; when cold it is fit for use.

Syrup of Cloves.—Proceed in the same way as for making capillaire, but with the sugar add thirty or forty cloves that have been broken or ground.

Syrups of all the spices, as cinnamon, nutmeg, ginger, &c., can be made in the same way.

TO PRESERVE EGGS.

Nearly fill a deep earthen vessel with fresh-laid eggs, closely and regularly packed in with the small ends downwards. In another vessel put as much quicklime as you think will turn enough water to fill up the egg vessel into the consistency of thick cream. Let the lime and water stand two or three days, stirring it frequently, and then, if thick enough, pour it over the eggs, filling the vessel quite up. Take care to place the egg vessel in some corner where it will not be likely to be disturbed, and the eggs will keep good any length of time. The experience of many years proves this to be the simplest, but most effective mode of preserving eggs for poaching, and for all culinary purposes.

TO DETECT DAMPNESS IN BEDS.

First have the bed well warmed with a warming-pan; then, the moment the pan is taken out, introduce between the sheets an inverted glass tumbler. After it has remained there a few minutes, withdraw it. If the glass is found dry, you may go to bed without any apprehension of chill or rheumatism. If the glass is covered with drops of wet, or damp steam, the safest plan is to take off the sheets and sleep between the blankets, as a second pair would probably be no better than the first.

TO MAKE SANDWICHES.

Rub one teaspoonful of mustard flour into half a pound of sweet butter; spread this mixture upon thin slices of bread; from a boiled ham cut very thin slices, and place a slice of ham between two slices of bread prepared as above; cut the sandwiches in a convenient form and serve. Some chop the trimmings of the boiled ham very fine, and lay them between the slices of prepared bread. This is a good dish for lunch, or evening entertainments.

TO RESTORE THE COLOR TO MAHOGANY.

Wash well with soap and water, and then polish daily with the following oil: Take half an ounce of alkanet root, cut small, and add to a pint of linseed oil; when this has stood for a week, add half an ounce of powdered gum arabic, and an ounce of shellac varnish; let these stand in a bottle by the fire for a week, then strain. Rub well in.

TO TAKE FRESH PAINT OUT OF A COAT.

Take immediately a piece of cloth and rub the wrong side of it on the paint-spot. If no other cloth is at hand, part of the inside of the coat-skirt will do. This simple application will generally remove the paint when quite fresh. Otherwise, rub some ether on the spot with your finger.

TO IRON SILK.

Silk cannot be ironed smoothly, so as to press out all the creases, without first sprinkling it with water, and rolling it up tightly in a towel, letting it rest for an hour or two. If the iron is in the least too hot, it will injure the color, and it should first be tried on an old piece of the same silk.

EGG SOUP, FOR INVALIDS.

Beat an egg in a bowl, with a lump of butter the size of a hickory nut, a little salt and pepper; fill the bowl, (a pint one) two-thirds full of boiling water, stirring the egg while pouring on the hot water; crumb in crackers or light bread.

PICKLE FOR BEEF.

To eight gallons of water add one quart of molasses, three pounds of sugar, four ounces of saltpetre, and fine salt sufficient to make it so strong that it will bear up an egg. This quantity will suffice for two quarters of beef.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

THE OLD KITCHEN FIRE.

"You will find the old house greatly changed, Cousin Millie, when you come to see us in the Fall," wrote Mrs. Rood, the pretty, lively little wife of a whole half year. "We're having all the back part torn down, and we're going to have a new sitting room, and bed room, and a real new-fashioned kitchen; and we shall have the house heated with furnaces, and all the modern improvements. We shall retain the front, because it's built of stone, but we're to have long windows, and a new portico; and dear old Grandpa would hardly recognize his old home, if he could sit down on his favorite seat, under the old cherry tree, and see it again. It does seem almost sacrilegious to go to 'tearing down,' and 'pulling up' so soon after his death, but Harry wants everything ready for Winter, so we've had to commence at once; and, dear Millie, you'll find everything so new, so nice, and comfortable when you come to see us, that I'm in hopes you won't know how to leave us at all."

And Mildred Race closed up the letter of her lively cousin with a sigh, and, leaning back in her chair, old memories came thronging up through the halls of her heart, that filled her eyes with tears—those eyes, like the eyes of a spring hidden among deep woods, when the Summer noon sunshine flutters down into its deep, blue heart.

"I don't mind the rest of the house," murmured sweet Mildred Race, "but the old kitchen, with its great old-fashioned fire-place; I don't know how to spare that.

"Ah, me! what brave times I used to have, away down in my childhood, on those visits to Grandpa's! I can see it all now, just as though I had been there last night; the group gathered, in the long Autumn evenings, around the chimney. There were the grate and irons, with their lion's feet, and their brass tops, and the pile of birch sticks built up almost to the jam, and all our faces would glow in the light of the fire, that beat in ruddy surf up the black chimney!

"Grandpa always sat in his corner, and his hair was white as the year is when it settles into December. The great silver-bowed spectacles rested low on his nose, as he slowly read the newspaper, and shook his head, and said: 'Things didn't used to go on so when he was a young man.' And Grandma sat on the other side, with the whitest of caps, and the pleasantest of smiles, 'toeing off' a woolen stocking, and pausing every few minutes to show some one of her grandchildren how to count apple seeds, just as they did at the frolics when she was a girl.

"The frost was at work on the windows; marvellous and cunning artist that frost was; etching with silent, mysterious fingers, all sorts of landscapes and figures, which we should read in the morning with as much eager curiosity and interest as travellers read this day, on old stones and ruined palaces, the hieroglyphs of Nineveh and of Egypt. There would be suggestions of wondrous landscapes, of mountains, and valleys, and rivers; of gardens too, fair as the hanging gardens of Babylon. There would be Westminster, Versailles, and St. Peters, all done in a single night; there would be fountains of running waters, and palms of India, and somewhere in the corners some of us would find the old barn and long well-pole at Grandpa's.

"Oh, I repeat it, they were brave times, never to return, round that old kitchen fire, that hung its crimson flags over the birch logs, while we pared apples and counted seeds; and then, Charlie cracked the walnuts—poor Charlie! the stars look down to-night on his lonely grave in California! But I see him now, with the great brick on his lap, and his hammer going crack, crack; but somehow it didn't disturb one bit the sallies of fun, and the outbreaks of laughter round that temple of flame.

"And there was the clock—the clock that belonged to our great, great Aunt; and that had ticked away the lives of five generations in one corner, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, with the half moon on its face. What a history, what a biography that old clock was, set there in the old kitchen corner; that had watched such bright hair turn to snow, such fair young foreheads grow dark and wrinkled under the burden of its years!

"And at last, when the hour-hand crept up to nine, Grandpa would take his old-fashioned Bible, and the laughing eyes and merry dimples would settle into gravity, as he read some of those blessed words, once read over his cradle, and that would soon be read over his grave! And following this, came the prayer that seemed to draw all our hearts nearer to the gates of Heaven.

"So when all this was over, Grandpa would take the iron shovel and heap the grey ashes on the glowing cone of fire, just as the years heap the ashes on the glowing hopes and joys of youth; and Grandma would fold up her stocking, and stick the needles into the ball of blue yarn, and say: 'Come, children, it's time for honest people to be abed.'

"And going back there I shall miss them all; Grandma's white cap, and Grandpa's silver hair, and the cluster of bright young faces round the fire, in the Autumn evenings; but if they hadn't torn down the old kitchen, I could have gone and sat by the birch fire, and dreamed my old dreams, and brought them all back to me; but now it's all gone—all gone—even the kitchen and the old fire-place!" and Mildred Race bowed her head on her hands and wept.

"The old kitchen firesides!" the firesides where our Grandfathers read, and our Grandmothers knit,

are growing less throughout the land. Grim ghouls, in the shape of stoves and furnaces, are everywhere taking their places, and the reign of andirons and birch-wood fires is growing less every year.

Yet, blessed be the memory of the old kitchens, of mantel-tree, and jam! and blessed, too, the dreams that were builded out of those old birch-wood fires—fair palaces, and pleasant gardens, and all beautiful things—built for that beautiful country, the Future, and which have all turned, like the old kitchen fires, to ashes! to ashes!

V. F. T.

[We give our readers the following beautiful poem by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, a poem by the by, which has won very marked attention in England. The whole is a rare picture.]

THE HOUSE IN THE MEADOW.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

It stands in a sunny meadow,
The house so mossy and brown,
With its cumbrous old stone chimneys,
And the grey roof sloping down.

The trees fold their green arms round it;
The trees, a century old;
And the winds go chanting through them,
And the sunbeams drop their gold.

The cowslips spring in the marshes,
The roses bloom on the hill,
And beside the brook in the pasture
The herd go feeding at will.

Within, in the wide old kitchen,
The old folks sit in the sun
That creeps through the sheltering woodbine,
Till the day is almost done.

Their children have gone and left them;
They sit in the sun alone!
And the old wife's ears are failing,
As she harks to the well-known tone

That won her heart in her girlhood—
That has soothed her in many a care—
And praises her now for the brightness
Her old face used to wear.

She thinks again of her bridal—
How, dressed in her robe of white,
She stood by her gay young lover,
In the morning's rosy light.

Oh! the morning is rosy as ever,
But the rose from her cheek is fled;
And the sunshine still is golden,
But it falls on a silvered head.

And the girlhood dreams, once vanished,
Come back in her Winter time,
Till her feeble pulses tremble
With the thrill of Spring-time's prime!

And looking forth from the window,
She thinks how the trees have grown,
Since, clad in her bridal whiteness,
She crossed the old door-stone.

Though dimmed her eyes' bright azure,
And dimmed her "hair's young gold,"
The love in her girlhood plighted
Has never grown dim or old.

They sat in peace in the sunshine,
Till the day was almost done,
And then, at its close, an angel
Stole over the threshhold stone.

He folded their hands together;
He touched their eyelids with balm,
And their last breath floated outward,
Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal pair, they traversed
The unseen, mystical road
That leads to the Beautiful City,
Whose "builder and maker is God."

Perhaps, in that miracle country,
They will give her lost youth back,
And the flowers of the vanished Spring-time
Will bloom in the spirit's track.

One draught from the living waters
Shall call back his manhood's prime,
And eternal years shall measure
The love that outlasted time.

But the shapes that they left behind them,
The wrinkles, and silver hair—
Made holy to us by the kisses
The angel had printed there—

We will hide away 'neath the willows,
When the day is low in the West,
Where the sunbeams cannot find them,
Nor the winds disturb their rest.

And we'll suffer no tell-tale tombstone,
With its age and date, to rise
O'er the two who are old no longer,
In the Father's house in the skies.

QUIET.

Ah, reader, this is what our hearts all want; quiet, quiet! And this is what the world cannot give us. Are not its gifts finite, and are not our souls infinite? Oh, poor, tired, human soul, buffeting with the winds and waves of this stormy life, be still! look upward! Ask not of Time what is not in its treasury—what it never gave, what it never *can* give to any man; but ask it of God, and in answer shall come the peace "He giveth His beloved."

"If I was only understood, and appreciated, and beloved, as I want to be loved, then I could be

perfectly happy," is the cry of so many hearts. No! no! Human love cannot long make one "perfectly happy," and if it could, how small, and narrow, and pitiable must be the soul whom the love of another frail human soul could fill.

God did not place us here as beings simply receptive of enjoyment, but to create and endure; to find our own happiness in living for others. Try this, reader, letting all the rest go, and see if you do not, in the end, find your own happiness!

Ah, how mistaken, how *blind* we are, searching for the soul's "hidden treasure" among the things of earth; thirsting for the cooling draughts, hungering after the golden fruits that gladden no valleys, and grow in no gardens of this world, but that fill the airs of Heaven with their sweet sounds and soft fragrance!

Quiet, quiet! and how can a man or woman's heart know this, until all fear of death be taken away? Whatsoever be your faith or creed, reader, do we not join hands in this belief? Who, going upon a journey, does not ponder the end of it? and is not life a journey, and death its close for all of us? And until we can feel that whether it come slow or sudden we can place our hands quietly in its cold ones, and say, "I am ready to go," we cannot be "quiet," we have not learned *to live.*

Oh, reader, for us all, the "tents will soon be struck, and the curtains withdrawn," and the "green waves" will be subsiding over our hearts; and the petty cares, and trials, and discordances of this world will be supplanted by the grand interests of eternity; so let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: "Fear God, and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man."

V. F. T.

JUNE.

JUNE again! She swings wide her golden gates, and we stand on the threshhold of another Summer. We see her flags of crimson on the hills; we see the wondrous designs which she has woven of Spring rains and sunshine, over all the earth; and something of the joy that stirred the hearts of our Father and our Mother, when they walked through the Garden of Eden, seems to dawn in our own.

Ah, what a gift unto men, lifted out of the great treasury of the year, is this "June," with all its wealth of beauty, of fragrance, and of joy! We pity the soul on God's earth that does not receive it with reverence; whose heart beholding it, does not cry out from its fullness, "God is good!"

But especially to the poet, to the lover of Nature, is this gift of June beyond all price, or naming. Bursting out suddenly, in all its marvellous glow and beauty, from those long, blanched, pallid days of Spring, that bring to certain temperaments such a burden of depression, and ennui, and suffering, how can these sufficiently rejoice in the change!

We know there are people in the world to whom all weather, unless it has some relation to their crops or their business, is "pretty much alike"—people who can no more realise the chilling, withering, palsying influence a dark, phlegmatic, gloomy day has on certain minds and temperaments, than they can the light, and glow, and inspiration a beautiful one has.

For such we do not write our jubilee for the June! We write it for those who watch with eager eyes the varied pictures of the sky; who listen with unsealed ears for the mystic moans and sweet music of the winds; for whom the birth of every new day is a new wonder, to be studied with "hearts that understand," and for whom its changes fashion somewhat the landscape of their own souls.

So hold thy grand *fete* for the beautiful over our earth, oh, June! The lilies in the valleys shall make snowy surf around thy feet. Let thy vestments of blue mountain mist be woven with threads of sunshine. Wear thy diadem of rubies, thy brooches of opal, and embroider thy green girdle with all cunning devices of world-flowers, and all true hearts shall come out to hail thee with welcome and Jubilee!

V. F. T.

"The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of Destiny
We reap as we have sown.

"Still shall the soul around it call
The shadows which it gathered here,
And painted on the eternal wall,
The Past shall reappear.

"Think ye the notes of holy song
On Milton's tuneful ear have died!
Think ye that Raphael's angel throng
Has vanished from his side!

"Oh, no! we live our life again,
Or warmly touched, or coldly dim;
The pictures of the Past remain;
Man's work shall follow him."

WHITTIER.

CURRER BELL SAYS:—"A one-idead nature, a monomaniac tendency, is, I have ever thought, the most unfortunate with which man or woman can be cursed."

Now this certainly is truth, and those who have this tendency ought to struggle against it; for if it gains the mastery, its possessor will become the most wretched of beings. Such persons ought to have a great many sources of innocent enjoyment; not mere receptive enjoyment, but of the working, active kind. The great difficulty with such natures is, they are apt to concentrate all their feelings, thoughts, affections, on a solitary object, and the chances are that change or distrust comes between, and then they are jarred, *hurt* for life, and if not rendered actually insane, they are made "bankrupt in happiness."

Now it is never wise or well to trust our entire

happiness to any one object in this world. "Time and change happeneth to all men," and nobody ever allowed their entire affections to run in one channel without suffering exquisitely sooner or later.

"Nature opens to us a great many avenues of happiness," and if we infringe her laws, by accepting only one, we must pay the penalty; and oh, what a fearful penalty these "monomaniacs" do pay! The soul, the mind, the heart, are all poisoned, and, of course, their action is morbid and unhealthful. They see all acts through a distorted medium, and not understanding themselves, they are not understood by others; and jealousy, and discord, and misery reign rampant in their souls; in short, they are, as Currer Bell says, "cursed." V. F. T.

"I felt how I was deteriorating. I felt clearly how the unemployed and uninterested life which I led nourished, day after day, new weeds in the waste field of my soul. Curiosity, a desire for gossip, an inclination to malice, and scandal, and an increasing irritability of temper, began to get possession of a mind which nature had endowed with too great a desire for action for it blamelessly to vegetate through a passive life, as so many can. Ah, if people live without an object, disquiet rages fiercely and tumultuously in the human breast, undermining health, temper, goodness; nay, even the quiet of conscience, and conjuring up all the spirits of darkness." FREDERIKA BREMER.

Our much esteemed correspondent, Mrs. Bostwick, sends us a few well-suggested remarks on an article which appeared in a recent number of our Magazine. We commend them to the consideration of both husbands and wives.

"WOMEN SHOULD BE BETTER THAN THEIR HUSBANDS."

This new Right of Woman is becoming quite a familiar topic with many recent writers besides "Rosella," whose article was copied into the Home Magazine for April. It has occurred to me that there are some women who will not at once perceive why they are under more weighty obligations to coax, lead, guide, or otherwise assist their husbands to walk firmly in the upward path, than their husbands are to perform the same Christian office towards themselves.

Truly, women *should* be better than their husbands; but why? Are we to believe that the Almighty has laid a heavier burden of obligation upon one portion of his creatures than upon another? Does any husband suppose that the command "Be ye perfect!" was intended to apply with more binding force to the slender woman at his side, than to himself? No; the root of the matter is this. If women meekly accept, and faithfully work out their destinies, they *cannot help being better than men.* In this, of course, reference is had to real women; living, earnest women, who live for a purpose; not dolls, not machines.

The woman who, walking lovingly with God, takes up, with sincere heart and willing hand, her daily tasks and trials, multiform, trivial, yet absorbing as they are! telling them off patiently, faithfully, one by one, as a Catholic his beads—ah! how much better are they to her than prayers—who keeps the even tenor of her way, amid crosses, and disappointments, and slights from those she best loves; who learns to be content with much giving and little receiving; who makes of every temptation conquered, of every stormy passion hushed to rest, a stepping-stone to a higher life; who sees in every sundered heart-tie, a new anchor to cast "within the veil;" surely such a woman is purer, more exalted than any man can hope to be in this life.

The question may here arise. Did not God ordain woman's destiny, and fix the laws of her spiritual constitution? And therefore, is it not manifestly His will that her cross shall be heavier, and her crown brighter than man's? This question I predict is not "open for discussion" in the columns of the Home Magazine. Whether it be really of God's will and providence that woman's capacity for suffering and endurance should constitute so vast an element in her sanctification, or whether society owes it to itself to make the experiment of such a reconstruction as shall more nearly equalize these conditions among all its members, is *the* delicate question, which legislation can never reach, nor conventions decide, but for answer to which, every human soul must "search the tablets of the immutable" for itself. H. L. B.

THE ANGEL AND THE DEMON—A Tale of Modern Spiritualism. By T. S. Arthur. Philadelphia: *J. W. Bradley.*

The readers of the Home Magazine are already familiar with the contents of this book, which originally appeared as the "Young Governess." It is published in very handsome style; price $1.

☞ Referring to the *Home Magazine*, the editor of the Palmyra, N. Y., *Sentinel* says: "There is much in its pages that breathes a truly Christian spirit, and whatever of light reading it contains is of the least objectionable kind. There is no Magazine with which we exchange that we place in the hands of the females of our household with more confidence than we do this; and we commend it to others for the purity of its sentiments, as well as for the beauty and utility of its contents.

CLOSE OF VOLUME XI.—With this number is completed the eleventh volume of the *Home Magazine*, and notwithstanding the year opened under such unfavorable auspices for every kind of business, our subscription has been fully maintained. This is very encouraging, and shows that our Magazine has taken a strong hold upon the people. The twelfth volume begins with the July number.

EXCHANGES.—We particularly request all of our exchanges to direct to "Home Magazine," and not to "T. S. Arthur & Co.;" as in the latter case we are required to pay postage.

New Publications.

The Hand, but not the Heart; Or, The Life-Trials of Jessie Loring. By T. S. Arthur. New York: *Derby & Jackson.*

A handsome volume of over three hundred pages. In their announcement, the publishers say: "The point of this story is expressed in the title; and the story itself is a sharply drawn illustration of the folly and madness of linking together two immortal souls by the rough chains of selfish interest, pride, or baser passion.

"The lesson taught is one of deep significance; and thousands of hearts will throb in almost wild response to the life experience of Jessie Loring, who, in all the bitter trials of her unhappy union, swerved not a hair's breadth from honor, principle, or religious duty, though temptation came in its most alluring shape.

"As the type of a true woman, she is worthy to be embalmed in the memory of every reader."

The price is $1, for which the publishers will transmit the volume by mail to any address

Andromeda and other Poems. By Charles Kingsley. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields.*

The longest poem, from which the volume takes its title, is in hexameter, and, to our reading, offers rather a poor specimen of that difficult measure. "Saint Maura" is a fine specimen of poetic art, but too intensely painful. The shorter pieces are of varied merit, and one or two of them disgrace, rather than beautify the volume. This is exquisite:

"Oh, thou hadst been a wife for Shakspeare's self!
No head, save some world-genius, ought to rest
Above the treasures of that perfect breast,
Or nightly draw fresh light from those keen stars
Through which thy soul awes ours. yet art thou bound—
Oh, waste of Nature!—to a craven hound;
To shameless lust, and childless greed of pelf;
Athene to a Satyr: was that link
Forged by the Father's hand? Man's reason bars
The bans which God allowed—Ay, so we think:
Forgetting thou hadst weaker been, full blest,
Than thus made strong by suffering; and more great
In martyrdom, than throned as Cæsar's mate."

Life Thoughts, Gathered from the Extemporaneous Discourses of Henry Ward Beecher. By one of his Congregation. Boston: *Phillips, Sampson & Co.*

Fragments of thoughts on religious subjects, gathered by an admiring member of Mr. Beecher's congregation, as they fell warm from the eloquent preacher's lips, and here given to the reader in a volume of about three hundred pages. For the most part, they are well worth preserving, and the lady amanuensis has done a good work. Many a fainting heart will find encouragement here, in a single sentence; many a weary one strength; and many a desponding one hope and comfort. Every page is alive with truth and beauty.

The Recreations of Christopher North. By John Wilson. Boston: *Phillips, Sampson & Co.*

This is a rare book, and the name of its author will alone secure for it an attention which few volumes receive. The pages sparkle with wit and satire, while sudden outbreaks of eloquence hurry the soul of the reader along the glowing lines, or sweet touches of pathos fill the eyes with tears, and the heart with gentle sympathies for humanity. Scottish scenes, too, and the life of the Scottish peasantry, that always fresh and beautiful poem, are depicted with the skill and power of a masterly hand.

Japan as it Was and Is.

The author says in his preface, he has put into this book the juices laboriously expressed from a good many volumes, and though we have, of course, no opportunities of judging of this, still it seems that the volume must afford much valuable data to those who are interested in this strange, and until recently, inaccessible country; and the author gives his opinion that "with all that is said of the seclusion of Japan, there are few countries of the East which we have the means of knowing better, or so well."

The Pilgrim's Progress. By John Bunyan. To which is added a life of Bunyan, written by himself. Philadelphia: *J. W. Bradley.*

This is a very handsome, illustrated dollar edition of a book which has, probably, the widest circulation of any book in the English language, save the Bible. Mr. Bradley is rapidly adding valuable books to his list, and issuing them in the best style of typographic Art. This edition of Pilgrim's Progress is particularly to be commended for its large type and white paper.

Biographical Essays. By H. T. Tuckerman. Boston: *Phillips, Sampson & Co.*

This work comprises short, but valuable biographies of Washington, Chateaubriand, Lord Chesterfield, Franklin, Audubon, and many other distinguished characters, all written in the author's lucid, vigorous style. No one, we think, can rise from its pages without having been interested and improved.

Religious Truth Illustrated from Science. By Edward Hitchcock, D.D., L.L.D. Boston: *Phillips, Sampson & Co.*

The name of the author of this work will secure for it the attention of most scholars throughout the country. It appears to be written in Dr. Hitchcock's usual logical and lucid style.

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EDITED BY

T. S. ARTHUR

AND

MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

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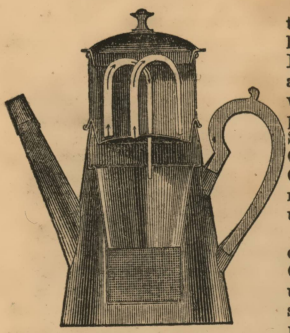

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